



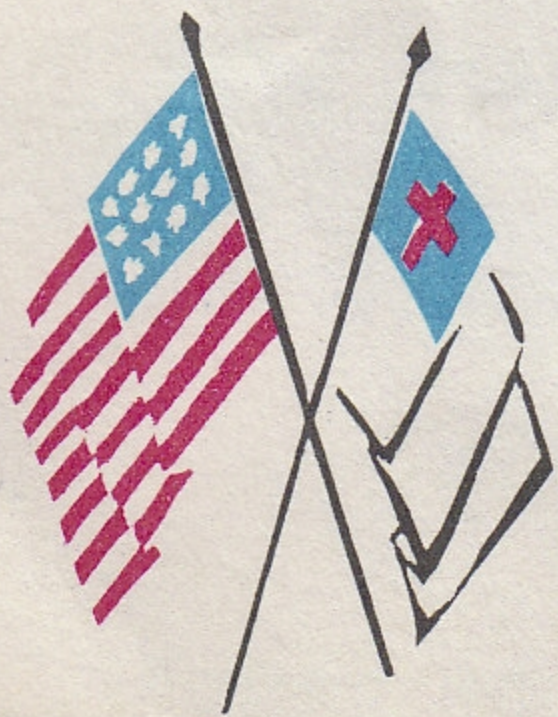
HISTORICAL SOCIETY AWARD - S. Robert Powell (president, Carbondale Historical Society) recently presented a Distinguished Achievement Award to Darlene Bednarczyk (Heritage House on the Park) for her extensive restoration work on her Heritage House building . (News photo by Larry Gabriel Jr.)



HISTORICAL SOCIETY HONOR - S. Robert Powell (president, Carbondale Historical Society) presents Distinguished Achievement Award to Tony Talerico for his restoration work on his building on Dundaff Street. (News photo by Larry Gabriel Jr.)



HISTORICAL SOCIETY AWARD - S. Robert Powell (president, Carbondale Historical Society) presents Distinguished Achievement Award to Bill Wallis, Jeff Wallis and Bob Wallis for the restoration work done on Wallis Building on Main Street. (News photo by Larry Gabriel Jr.)



ONE NATION UNDER GOD
FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT
FELL TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL
SIMPSON, PENNSYLVANIA

FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

Thursday Evening, June 8, 1961

() Honor Roll ()

Joseph M. Hoiditch, Valedictorian
Carol A. Werwinski, Salutatorian
Diane H. Wallace
Barbara A. Evanyka
Joseph A. Narcavage
✓ Donald W. Powell
✓ S. Robert Powell
Geraldine Powell
Claudia Harris
Carole S. Pierce
Dorothy Kcenich

CLASS OFFICERS

Joseph J. Pecko, President
Joseph J. Sladicka, Vice-President
Carole S. Pierce, Secretary
Donald W. Powell, Treasurer

CLASS ADVISORS

Mr. John Werwinski
Mr. George Zurine

CLASS FLOWER

Lily of the Valley

CLASS COLORS

Green and White

CLASS MOTTO: Reach for the future armed with the past!

The Commencement Program

Theme: Looking at Our Problems

Academic Processional	-	-	-	Orchestra
Overture	-	-	-	Orchestra
Changing Ways of American Life	-			Carol A. Werwinski
Problems of American Youth	-			Barbara W. Evanyka
"The Happy Wanderer" (Ridge)	-	-		Senior Class
Socialized Medicine	-	-	-	Diane H. Wallace
✓ World War III?	-	-	-	Donald W. Powell
Federal Aid for Education	-	-		Joseph A. Narcavage
Musical Selection	-	-	-	Orchestra
✓ Mantle Oration	-	-	-	S. Robert Powell
Mantle Response	-	-	-	Anastasia Kowal
"Whispering Hope" (Hawthorne)	-	-		Senior Class
The Challenge of Liberty	-	-		Joseph M. Hoiditch
Musical Selection	-	-	-	Orchestra
Presentations:	-	-	-	Mr. Stephen J. Bambas
Diplomas and Awards				Supervising Principal
"Good Bye High School" (Richardson)	-			Senior Class
"The Star Spangled Banner"	-	-		Class and Audience
Recessional	-	-	-	Orchestra
	-	-	* - -	

CLASS OF 1961

Ann Marie Banko
Fred T. Berish
Ann Marie Bishop
John J. Chupeck
John J. Dembrosky
Carl R. Dragwa
Barbara A. Evanyka
James M. Gerchman
Claudia Harris
Donald Heffner
Joseph Michael Hoiditch
Joanne C. Hopey
Alice T. Jaczynski
Dorothy Kcenich
Andrew J. J. Kulick
Michael Kutch
Elizabeth A. Lesniewski
George A. Lupyak
Martha Morack
Joseph A. Narcavage
Joseph J. D. Pecko
Andrew D. Petrilak
Carole S. Pierce
Matthew J. Pintar
Donald W. Powell
S. Robert Powell
Geraldine Powell
Jerome R. Rupp
Catherine B. Sisko
Joseph J. Sladicka
Jerome R. Slick
Joann Somple
Dennis Soroka
Delores Surace
Bernard E. Vanisky
Diane H. Wallace
Dorothy A. Warhola
Carol A. Werwinski
Elaine Yankovich
Patricia A. Yarnes
Anthony F. Yavorosky
Zyprian Yusavage
Rita Zurine

Lullllllll



UNCLE BOB

[By DWPII]

1-16-93

[HOLDING
POULTRY TROPHY]

1-801993



[SRP at his desk, 1/20/93]
by DWP II

THE RENAISSANCE AND CUBIST CONCEPTIONS OF SPACE AND
ART IN THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH NOVEL:
A STUDY OF THE FORM AND CONTENT OF THE
DESCRIPTIONS OF LANDSCAPE IN *ATALA*,
RENÉ, *ILLUSIONS PERDUES*, *LA CHARTREUSE*
DE PARME, *MADAME BOVARY*, *LE VENTRE*
DE PARIS, AND *A REBOURS*, AND OF
THE FORM AND CONTENT OF THOSE
NOVELS SEEN AS AUTONOMOUS
AESTHETIC PHENOMENA

S. Robert Powell, Ph.D.
Indiana University, 1974

Reprinted from
DISSERTATION ABSTRACTS INTERNATIONAL

Volume XXXV, Number 7, 1975

THE RENAISSANCE AND CUBIST CONCEPTIONS OF SPACE
AND ART IN THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH NOVEL:
A STUDY OF THE FORM AND CONTENT OF THE DESCRIP-
TIONS OF LANDSCAPE IN ATALA, RENÉ, ILLUSIONS PERDUES,
LA CHARTREUSE DE PARME, MADAME BOVARY,
LE VENTRE DE PARIS, AND A REBOURS, AND OF THE
FORM AND CONTENT OF THOSE NOVELS SEEN AS
AUTONOMOUS AESTHETIC PHENOMENA

POWELL, S. Robert, Ph.D.

Indiana University, 1974

Chateaubriand, Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, and Zola all develop and utilize in their novels spatial and aesthetic principles which were rudimentarily established during the Renaissance in the late fifteenth and sixteenth century. The structural forms of Atala, René, Illusions Perdues, La Chartreuse de Parme, Madame Bovary, and Le Ventre de Paris, and of the descriptions of landscape contained in those novels--whether external or internal spatial forms--clearly indicate that each of the novelists in question establishes depth in space within the closed geometric spatial system of the Renaissance by means of single viewpoint linear perspective. Those spatial frames are, in varying degrees, endowed with a temporal dimension. Given that spatial framework, each of these novelists studies (1) man, (2) nature, and (3) the transactions between man and the natural world. The most comprehensive representation of the ordinary world of human experience in the novel in the nineteenth century is found in the place novel (Madame Bovary and Le Ventre de Paris)--the consummate expression of the Renaissance conception of space and art in the genre of the novel in the four-hundred-year period that that spatial and aesthetic system was considered a valid basis for the creation of art.

In certain descriptions of landscape in La Chartreuse de Parme and in Madame Bovary, Stendhal and Flaubert, respectively, transcend, whether consciously or unconsciously, the spatial limitations of the closed spatial system of the Renaissance: the former by means of panoramic and telescopic vision, the latter by describing three separate actions simultaneously. La Chartreuse de Parme and Madame Bovary, seen as autonomous aesthetic phenomena, represent a dialectic between the space picture of the Renaissance and that of the modern world.

Unlike Chateaubriand, Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, and Zola, all of whom adapt the inherited spatial and artistic legacy of the Renaissance to their individual aesthetic needs, Huysmans

rejects the Renaissance conception of space as a valid basis for the creation of art. Huysmans establishes the spatial form of A Rebours and of the landscape descriptions therein by means of multiple viewpoint or simultaneous perspective. Several spatial frames are juxtaposed in a moment of time and refer to each other reflexively. Movement in space is possible without any movement in time. The content of A Rebours and of the descriptions of landscape in that novel demonstrate that the study of the time world of history and the imitation of the appearances of beings and things such as they are perceived by the senses are no longer considered as the purpose of art. During the final decades of the nineteenth century art becomes an essentially cerebral undertaking whose purpose is to explore and determine man's psychic position in the modern world. The spatial and aesthetic principles established by Huysmans in A Rebours represent the basic tenets of the cubist conception of space and art.

Order No. 75-1746, 355 pages.

A microfilm or xerographic copy of the complete manuscript is available from the publisher, Xerox University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan, at the standard prices: any microfilm copy at \$5.00, and any xerographic copy at \$11.00 plus shipping and handling and any applicable taxes.

Open Our Eyes, Lord

Robert Cull

"Of this salvation the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that would come to you."—I Peter 1:10

OPEN OUR EYES
Robert Cull

1 O - pen our eyes, Lord, we want to see Je - sus,
2 O - pen our ears, Lord, and help us to lis - ten.

1. to reach out and touch Him, and say that we love
2 O - pen our eyes,

2. Him. Lord, we want to see Je - sus.

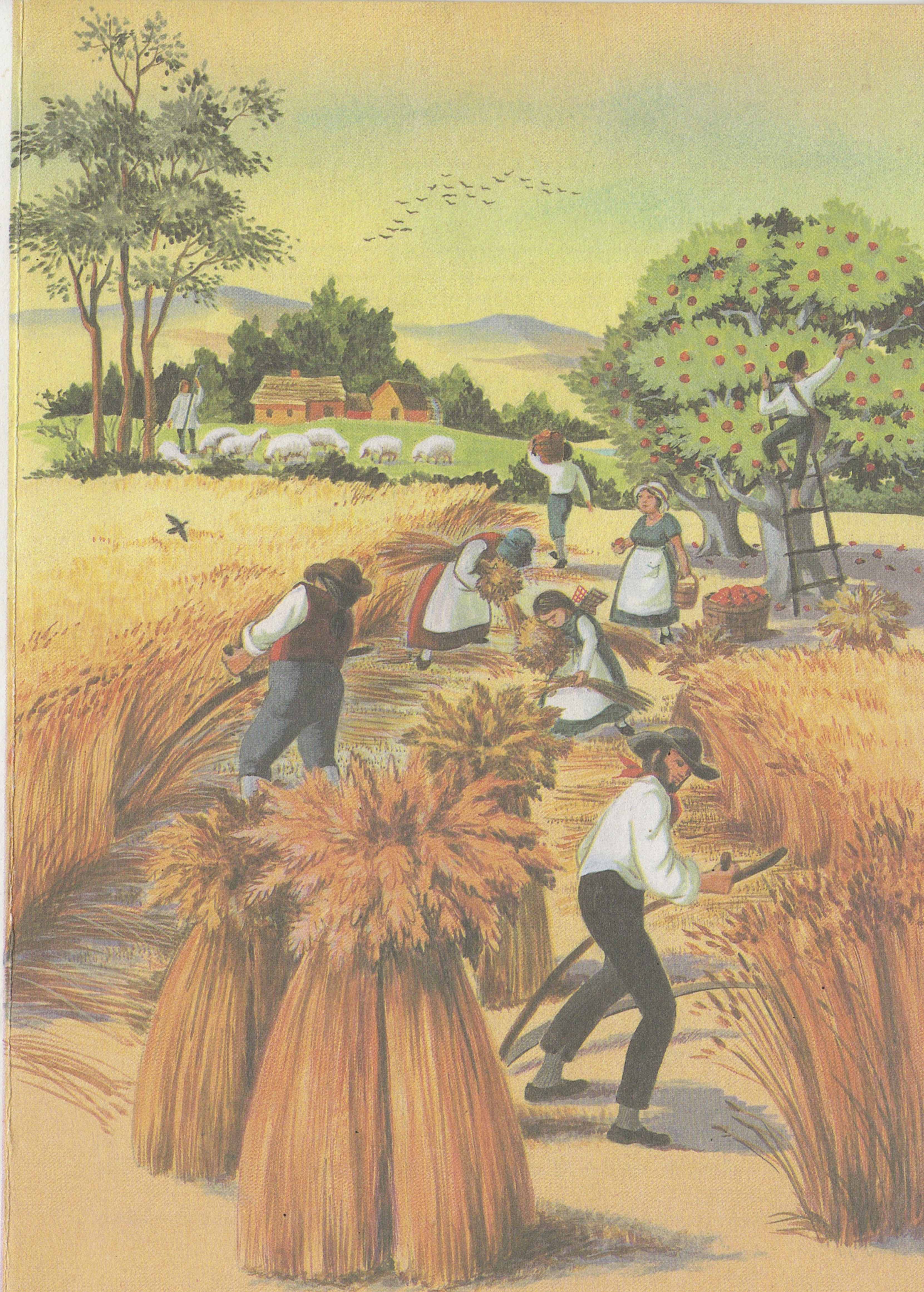
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DEVOTION AND PRAYER

CCL1 #412879

SRP:

I have always had a special interest in Thanksgiving images



THANKSGIVING

MORNING WORSHIP SERVICE

November 22, 1992.....11:00 A.M.

PREPARATION

Prelude.....Wendy Krapf
Song Service.....Ervin Chubb
Welcome and Announcements.....Rev. Gordon S. Wilson

PRAISE

Hymn 526: "Come Ye Thankful People, Come"
Invocation and Lord's Prayer
Gloria Patri
Solo.....Bill Martin
"Thank You Jesus"

PRESENTATION

Prayers of the People
Prayers for the People
Presenting our Tithes and Offerings
Offertory.....Berean Choir
"Song of Thanks"
Doxology
Prayer of Dedication

PROCLAMATION

Old Testament: Reading 15, Call to Thanksgiving
Hymn 370: "Count Your Blessings"
New Testament Reading: Colossians 1: 3-20
Sermon.....Rev. Gordon S. Wilson
"A Time of Thanks and Giving"

PROFESSION

Hymn 18: "Now Thank We All Our God"
Benediction
Postlude.....Wendy Krapf

If you wish to join this Church or to make a commitment to Christ, please come forward during the singing of the closing hymn.

THIS WEEK AT BEREAN

Today: 9:30 A.M. Church School, classes for all ages.
11:00 A.M. Worship Service. Greeters are John and Grace Moon

Wednesday:

7:30 P.M. Community Thanksgiving Service at the Episcopal Church. Rev. William Feldcamp, new pastor of St. Rose Church, will be the speaker.

Next Sunday:

9:30 A.M. Church School. All are invited.
11:00 A.M. Worship Service. All are invited. Greeters are Robert and Mae Perry. First Sunday of Advent. Advent attendance watch begins. Let's try to have 100 in worship every week.
6:30 P.M. Hanging of the Greens. Come and help us decorate for the Christmas season.

MISSION TREE

The response to the "Carol Tree" has been very encouraging thus far. Envelopes are still available. If you have not received yours, see Grace Moon. The tree will be decorated each Sunday starting December 6th, as the cuts-out are received, through December 20th. The proceeds this year will go to the Blesy Seigle Kidney Fund.

GUEST BOOK

Visitors are invited to sign our guest register at the rear of the sanctuary.

SINCERE SYMPATHY

We extend our sincere sympathy to Earl and Ethel Parry on the passing of Ethel's sister, Gloria Crocker Matano, on November 13th.

Many thanks to those who have agreed to visit on behalf of the Church. Cards are available downstairs.

New doors on the Lincoln Avenue side will be presented by Mr. and Mrs. Earl Parry in loving memory of Lucretia and Fred Crocker, Gloria Crocker Matano, and Roy Crocker. We greatly appreciate their gift.

WORK TOUR

Don Seigle II has signed up for a working mission tour to Florida, December 26--January 3. They are planning to work 10 hours a day on houses that were damaged in Hurricane Andrew. He must provide money for his own expenses, which will be about \$250. This is a good mission project for individuals and groups in the Church. The trip is sponsored by the First Baptist Church of Wellsboro, PA.

PENNSSTATE



Worthington Scranton
Campus

**SPEAKERS BUREAU
1993-1994**

DWP
and
SRP

DONALD W. POWELL

- Instructor, Art History

The Mechanization of the Visual Arts: Nineteenth
Century American Portrait Photography
The Industrial Revolution in Northeastern
Pennsylvania, 1839-1914: The Art of
Professional Portrait Photography
Scranton, Cultural Capital of the Northern
Anthracite Fields: Portrait Photography in Golden
Age of Downtown America

DR. S. ROBERT POWELL

- Instructor, Humanities

The Renaissance and Cubist Conceptions of Space
and Art in the Nineteenth Century French Novel
Fictional Technique in Virgil's Aeneid
Fictional Technique in Plato's Symposium
Exhibition Poultry in America
The Delaware and Hudson's Gravity Railroad

DR. ANDRE J. M. PREVOS

- Associate Professor, French and Spanish

Pseudo-French Advertisements: What Do
They Mean?
The Ups and Downs of French-American Relations
French Literary Views of America
American Literary Views of French
The Blues in America (with musical illustration)
The Blues in France (with musical illustration)
An Introduction to Oral Proficiency Testing
(for all languages)

DR. RICHARD RAVIZZA

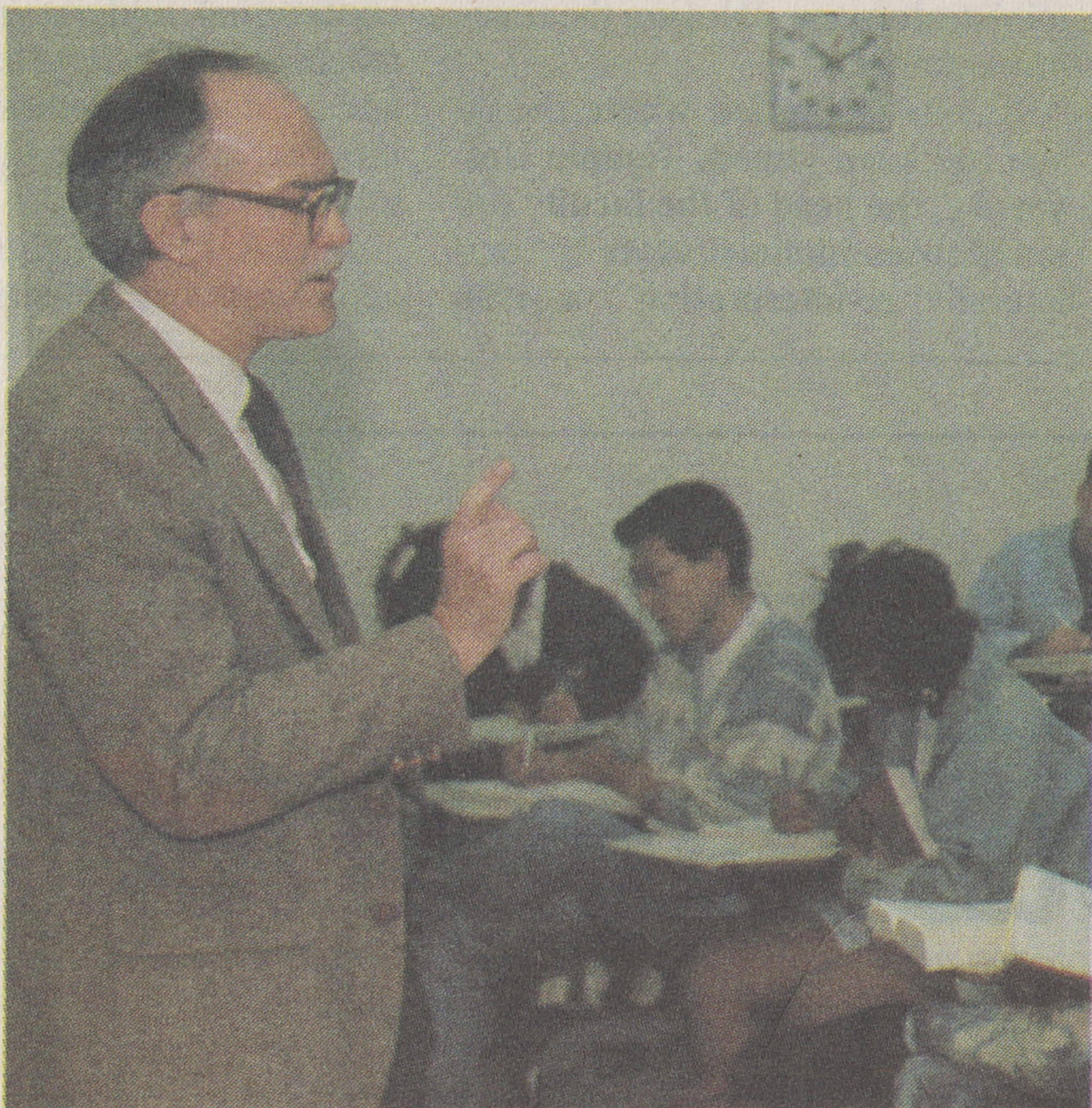
- Associate Professor, Psychology

Psychological Techniques for Enhancing Biological
Immunity
Breathing Techniques to Enhance Psychological
Well Being
Health Psychology: First Steps toward Avoiding
Health Problems
Neurological Origins of Stress
Evolution of the Human Brain and Consciousness

Personal & Professional

A HAPPY ENDING

A 'Lost Generation' Scholar of American Poetry Ends His Long Odyssey for a Place in Academe



ARTHUR PHILLIPS FOR THE CHRONICLE

**Edward Brunner: "Suddenly, all the work I'd been doing
in the corners of my life is my life."**

By SCOTT HELLER

Seventeen years and hundreds of failed job applications after finishing his Ph.D., Edward Brunner got a full-time teaching post this year.

He teaches modern American poetry at Southern Illinois University at Carbondale. Because he had already published two books, he was appointed as an associate professor and may apply for tenure early.

The odd jobs, the years working as a railroad dispatcher, a payroll clerk, and a county auditor, are behind him now. Reading poetry during his coffee breaks is a thing of the past. He is a scholar and teacher, full time. "Suddenly, all the work I'd been doing in the corners of my life *is* my life," he said.

Mr. Brunner, who is 46 years old, was a card-carrying member of academe's "lost generation," the humanities scholars who got degrees in the 1960's and early 1970's and never found steady academic work. Since finishing his doctorate at the University of Iowa in 1974, he had steadily tried to get an academic job, with no success (*The Chronicle*, May 23, 1990).

His fortunes changed in fall 1990, when he spotted a teaching opening in 20th-century literature in the Modern Language

Continued on Page A19

A 'Lost Generation' Scholar Ends Long Odyssey for Place in Academe

Continued From Page A15

Association's job listings. He interviewed at the annual meeting in Chicago that December.

Only once before was Mr. Brunner invited to interviews at the MLA conference. That year, he couldn't get the time off from his Iowa City auditor's job to go.

Chicago was close enough for Mr. Brunner to sneak away. Later, he visited the Carbondale campus, and discussed his research with faculty members and students. The university made an offer, and Mr. Brunner made the move.

He is something of an academic Rip Van Winkle, waking up in a new scholarly world. But he has been an active scholar all along. Since finishing graduate school, he has published several journal articles and books on the poets Hart Crane and W. S. Merwin.

MLA Book Award in 1986

He wrote much of the Crane book while working for the Rock Island Railroad. The book won a 1986 MLA award for best scholarly work by an independent researcher.

Mr. Brunner has had to catch up with recent literary theories and the new interest in multiculturalism. He teaches Indian captivity narratives in an American literature survey course, and said he noticed that more scholars are interested in Melville's Civil War poetry than he remembers from his days in graduate school. Gone, he

said, are the poetry of Sidney Lanier and the journal writings of John Woolman.

The professor believes that Southern Illinois hired him when so many other universities didn't because the campus attracts students who have been away from higher education for a while. "Everyone is sort of used to people whose careers have been interrupted," he said.

'We Thought We Were Lucky'

The long stretches on his résumé without academic employment didn't hurt, said Richard F. Peterson, chairman of the English department. "We thought we were lucky that someone so articulate and who had done so much scholarship was available," Mr. Peterson said. Mr. Brunner is one of nine professors hired by the department this year to replace faculty members who retired, left, or died.

Mr. Brunner has begun work on a third book, about the academic poetry of the 1950's, work that now receives less attention than that of the Beat poets. Next year, Mr. Brunner will teach his first graduate course—on the poets John Berryman, Robert Lowell, and Elizabeth Bishop.

"I wouldn't have thought it would have worked out quite so nicely," he said.

"It's a happy ending in Ed's case," Mr. Peterson added. "I just worry about all the others." ■

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CARBONDALE, PA 18407

THE CHRONICLE

of Higher Education®

May 20, 1992 • \$2.75
Volume XXXVIII, Number 37

May 20, 1992 • THE CHRONICLE OF HIGHER EDUCATION • B5

Hope for academe's 'lost generation'

TO THE EDITOR:

Scott Heller's story in the April 15 *Chronicle* ("A 'Lost Generation' Scholar of American Poetry Ends His Long Odyssey for a Place in Academe") about Edward Brunner's success in securing a full-time teaching post at Southern Illinois University is inspiring. Until I read Scott Heller's article, I was under the impression, believe it or not, that I was one of a small number of Ph.D.'s who finished their degrees in the humanities in the 1960's or early 1970's who have never found full-time academic posts. Apparently there are hundreds, possibly thousands, of members of academe's "lost generation."

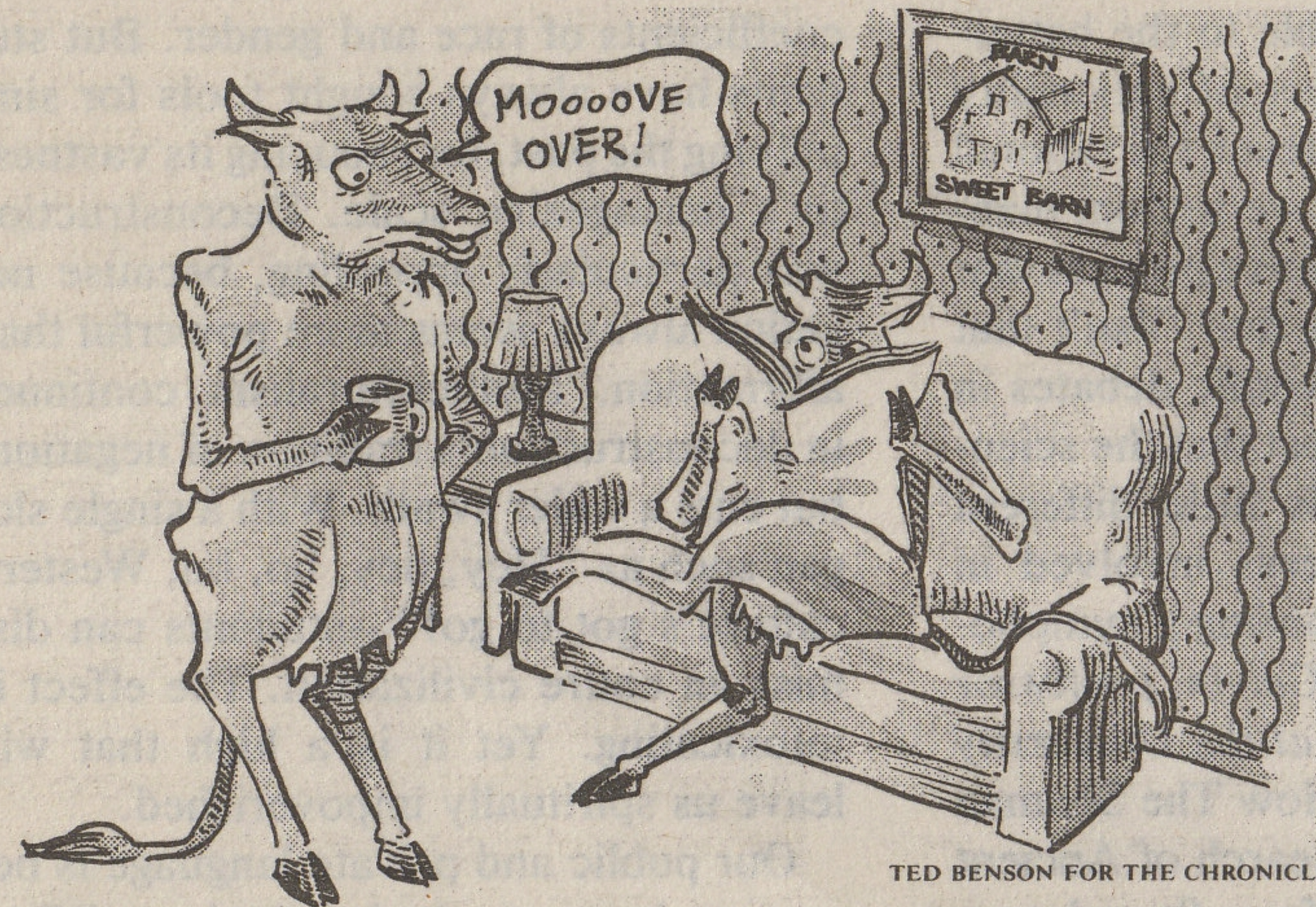
Thanks to Scott Heller's story about Dr. Brunner's success, I am encouraged and emotionally strengthened and will continue my search for a full-time position in the academic community.

S. ROBERT POWELL
Adjunct Instructor of Humanities
Pennsylvania State University
Worthington Scranton Campus
Dunmore, Pa.

← SRP

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Not in Our Field



TED BENSON FOR THE CHRONICLE

TO THE EDITOR:

I was interested to learn that old telephone books are being used as bedding for cattle at the University of Illinois ("Directory assistance for Illinois cows," December 11).

In the last paragraph of the article we learn that "the paper

is scattered over the barn floor and changed once a week, after the cows have ground it into pulp by standing and sitting on it."

Ferdinand, the bull in the children's story "The Story of Ferdinand," does, as I recall, sit among the flowers, but real-life cows

(and bulls) either stand up or lie down. They never sit down. . . .

S. ROBERT POWELL
Adjunct Instructor of Humanities
Pennsylvania State University
Worthington-Scranton Campus
Dunmore, Pa.

TO THE EDITOR:

Regarding your squib about bedding for cattle at the University of Illinois: Cows don't sit. To a city slicker it may sometimes look that way because cattle occasionally pause briefly on their haunches when they go from a lying to a standing position.

LOWELL BOUMA
Professor of Foreign Languages
Georgia Southern University
Statesboro, Ga.

TO THE EDITOR:

Having grown up on the farm, I enjoyed a moment of mirth reading your December 11 article. Cattle "*sitting*" about is a truly comic image evocative of "The Far Side" cartoon.

MICHAEL LIVELY
Miami, Okla.

← SRP

The Forum

Fall, 1991

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CHAPTER NEWS

Susquehanna University

(Kappa Omicron)

Kappa Omicron Chapter of the Susquehanna University reports twenty students inducted to Phi Sigma Iota, and three faculty members. The inductees were Jill C. Bashore, Allison J. Beltz, Susan D. Clauser, Jennifer W. Duffy, Paul S. Emerson, Kathryn L. George, Kimberley A. Kurtz, Matthew W. Lent, John S. Marani, Scott D. Marsland, Catherine A. Michalski, Anne M. Patterson, Krista D. Peterson, Marni L. Petrowcz, William C. Quinn, Gloria E. Rosado, Danielle Sammarco, Kevin M. Ward, Susan D. Warner, Lisa M. Winter, Lucy Arroyo, Jorge Suarez, Janina Denenfeld, and Robert Powell.

P. 27

Pleasant Oil Co RD 1 Mt Pleasant Mills	539-4214
Pleasant Valley Chapel Mt Pleasant Mills	539-8351
Pluemacher K M Shdm	743-6061
Plummer Betty L RD 1 Beaver Springs	658-7614
Plummer D S	
13 Chestnut St Beaver Springs	658-2090
Plummer Darvin E Center St Beavertown	658-2048
Plummer Gary W Beavertown	658-3896
Plummer James A McClure	658-7219
Plummer James L High St McClure	658-6589
Plummer Keith A Specht St McClure	658-7073
Plummer Richard C RD 2 McClure	658-7381
Plymette J E RD 5 Selingsgrove	743-1618
Poff Ernest M III RD 2 Selingsgrove	743-7075
Polan Grace E RD 1 Middleburg	837-2141
Polan Terry W RD 2 Middleburg	837-0142

POLICE DEPARTMENTS**EMERGENCY DIAL** 911

Business/Non-Emergency Calls

Beavertown Police Dept	658-3169
Middleburg Police Dept	837-0321
Selingsgrove Police Dept	374-8655
Shamokin Dam Police Dept	743-2671
Snyder County Sheriff	837-3311
Spring Township Police Dept	658-7014
Pennsylvania State Police	374-8145
Policka Richard RD 2 Beavertown	658-6216
Pollock B S 404 Wagnslr Mdbg	837-2624
Pollock Frank C Kreamer	374-0971

POLORON HOMES OF PA INC

74 Ridge Rd Middleburg	837-1515
Or Call	800 332-8907

Polson Tam B RD 3 Selingsgrove	374-9576
Poltenovage Leon W Selingsgrove	743-1895
Poltrock Theo A 14 Easy Slgv	743-5033
Pontius Donald D RD 2 Selingsgrove	743-7559
Pontius L 100 10th Shamokin Dam	743-8364
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Pontius Saml E 802 N Broad Selingsgrove	374-0945
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Pope Curtis M 509 N 8th Selingsgrove	374-6302
Pope Linda G Selingsgrove	374-5064
Pope Martin L RD 3 Mdbg	837-0456

POPE MARTIN L INS INC

Rt 522 Selingsgrove	374-8101
If No Answer	837-0456

Pope Sharon K Freeburg	374-0990
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Pops West End Restaurant

275 W Market St Middleburg	837-0683
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PORT FEED MILL

RD 1 Prt Trvrtn	374-9937
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Port Motel RD 1 Port Trevorton	374-8319
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PORT SERVICE STATION

RD 1 Port Trevorton	374-8449
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PORT TREVORTON FIRE CO**EMERGENCY DIAL** 911

Truck Room	374-7538
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Port Trevorton United Methodist Charge

Parsonage Port Trevorton	374-1864
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Portelance D M 18 S Third St Selingsgrove	374-1625
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Portzline Bobby O Mt Pleasant Mls	539-8256
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Portzline Donald I RD 2 Mt Pleasant Mls	539-8146
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Portzline Douglas A	
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305 Susquehanna Av Selingsgrove	374-4269
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Portzline Franklin R	
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RD 2 Mt Pleasant Mills	539-2862
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Portzline Grover C RD 2 Mt Pleasant Mls	539-8169
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Portzline Grover R RD 2 Mt Pleasant Mills	539-8934
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Portzline James F RD 2 Mplm	539-8522
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Portzline John F RD 2 Mt Pleasant Mls	539-8286
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Portzline L E RD 2 Selingsgrove	743-7566
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Portzline Michael E RD 2 Mt Pleasant Mls	539-8143
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Portzline Milfred L RD 2 Mt Pleasant Mills	539-8171
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Portzline Milfred L Jr	
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RD 2 Mt Pleasant Mills	539-2716
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Portzline S L Kreamer	374-0464
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Portzline Saml E Pxtnlv	837-0514
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POST THE

115 Main St Middleburg	837-6065
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Postman S L 10 Horizon Ct Selingsgrove	374-7906
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Potteiger R J Mrs 601 N Markt Slgv	374-1924
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Potter Neil H 12 Chas Av Slgv	374-9888
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Povendo Tony 717 Picnic Ln Selingsgrove	743-8229
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Powell John R Troxelville	658-4444
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Powell Richard L RD 3 Selingsgrove	374-4921
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Powell S Robert RD 2 Middleburg	837-5037
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Powers Irene J 112 N Market Selingsgrove	374-1516
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Powers J D Kreamer	837-2247
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Powers Janet J 312 S Front St Selingsgrove	374-3509
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Pratt Irving L Jr 26 Easy Slgv	743-6522
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Pratt Laura O Mrs 520 Wagnslr Mdbg	837-3302
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Pratt Laurel J Middleburg	837-3744
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Praul Geo A 108 S High Selingsgrove	374-9752
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Praul Joann RD 2 Middleburg	837-5862
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Pray David L 16 Charles Av Selingsgrove	374-3613
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Precise Agri Products Rte 1 Middlecreek	658-6518
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Precision Frames Inc	
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Predix E RD 3 Selingsgrove	374-1547
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Predix Harry M	
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411 Wagenseller Middleburg	837-3862
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Predix Jacque L RD 1 Middleburg	837-7653
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Predix Larry A RD 3 Selingsgrove	374-8798
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Prenitiss Stephen K	
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17 N Market St Selingsgrove	374-3563
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Presser Bruce D 5 Linda Ln Selingsgrove	374-1489
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Pretz Michael D RD 4 Middleburg	539-8474
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Pretz Norman P RD 4 Middleburg	837-3488
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Pretz Paul RD 4 Middleburg	837-3894
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Price Barbara A	
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Shade View Apts Middleburg	837-1544
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Price C RD 1 Port Trevorton	374-6142
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Price David A 402 S High St Selingsgrove	374-8097
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Price Eugene E 711 N Broad Selngrove	374-9231
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Price Harry A Rev	
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800 Broad St Selingsgrove	374-7942
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Price Jay RD 1 Mplm	539-8457
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Price Michael A RD 1 Port Trevorton	374-4337
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Price Mike RD 1 Port Trevorton	374-2925
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Priest Leon RD 1 Mt Pleasant Mills	539-2440
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Prince Richard W RD 4 Mdbg	837-2374
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Prince Wm D 204 Magnolia Av Slgv	374-4624
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PRINTING INK SPOT	
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Park Rd Hummels Wharf	743-7979
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Probst Stewart W Jr	
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Wedgewood Gardens Selingsgrove	374-2414
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Professional Aviation Inc	
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Rts 11 & 15 Selingsgrove	374-4001
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Professional Dating Service Inc	
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RD 5 Selingsgrove	743-3221
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Professional Paints & Wallcoverings	
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Rts 11 & 15 Shamokin Dam	743-3800
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Prosseda Leonard	
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Shade View Apts Middleburg	837-0707
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Proud Ian 400 N 8th St Selingsgrove	374-3860
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Proud Lisa 400 N 8th St Selingsgrove	374-3860
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Prudential Insurance Co Of America	
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RD 1 Northumberland	658-3259
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Prudential Insurance & Financial Svcs	
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RD 1 Northumberland	286-6732
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Pry Donald B RD 1 Beaver Spgs	658-4247
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Public Assistance Dept Of	
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S High Selingsgrove	374-8126
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Purcell Robert E Jr MD	
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135 JPM Rd Lewisburg	524-0450
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Purdy Insurance 136 Market Sunbury	374-2777
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PURDY INSURANCE AGENCY INC	
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136 Market St Sunbury	286-5855
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Purdy T Chris Selingsgrove	374-3718
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Pursell Charles D Penns Creek	837-3960
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Pursell R P Selingsgrove	743-1685
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Pursley Alan R RD 2 Mt Pleasant Mills	539-4211
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Pursley Ronald H RD 4 Middleburg	837-3450
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Putterman Florence	
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3 Fairway Dr Selingsgrove	743-7345
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Putterman Saul 3 Fairway Dr Selingsgrove	743-7345
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Puttre John F 46 E Main Middleburg	837-1154
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Pyers Florence C Stayman Park Apts Slgv	743-2262
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Pyers Kathy A RD 5 Selingsgrove	743-0401
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Pyers Robert C RD 1 Slgv	743-9780
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Pyers Wm D RD 1 Selingsgrove	374-0993
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Pyle Bros Masonry Building Stone Co	
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Mt Pleasant Mills	539-8900
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Pyle Clarence H Rt 104 Mt Pleasant Mills	539-2546
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Pyle Danny L 233 W Snyder St Selingsgrove	374-5576
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Pyle David L RD 4 Middleburg	837-1632
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Pyle Edna R Mrs RD 1 Mplm	539-8459
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Pyle Elwood J RD 2 Mt Pleasant Mills	539-4105
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Pyle Gary P RD 1 Mt Pleasant Mills	539-8687
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Pyle Laredo R RD 2 Mt Pleasant Mills	539-2673
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PYLE LARRY	
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RD 1 Mt Pleasant Mills	539-8265
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Pyle Palmer E Mt Pleasant Mls	539-2853
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Pyle's Garage Doors	
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Rt 104 Mt Pleasant Mills	539-2546
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Q

Quales Donald W Penns Creek	837-3570
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Queitzsch Chuck RD 1 Selingsgrove	374-3453
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Quinn William C	
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106 S Water St Selingsgrove	374-5165
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R

R & A Auto Sales RD 3 Selingsgrove	374-6411
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RE/MAX INTEGRITY REAL ESTATE

127 S Main St Middleburg	837-1061
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R & L TRUCK SERVICE

Rts 11 & 15 S Port Trevorton	374-9865
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RMB ASSOCIATES ILLUSTRATIVE

SERVICES Selingsgrove	374-7601
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R & R Sales 593 S High Selngrove	374-1884
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R T S Distributors	
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Old Trail Rd Hummels Wharf	374-6044
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R W Pallet RD 1 Beaver Springs	658-7575
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Rachau Michael A Selingsgrove	374-5892
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Rachau Robt RD 1 Selingsgrove	374-9372
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Radel Allen E RD 1 Winfld	837-0272
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Radel Betty L RD 3 Middleburg	837-3797
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Radel Cherry E Penns Creek	837-5049
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Radel Julia A RD 1 Beavertown	658-4599
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Radel Simon J RD 4 Middleburg	837-2273
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RADIO SHACK-A DIVISION OF TANDY

CORP	
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Consumer Electronics Stores	
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Susquehanna Valley Mall Selingsgrove	374-1947
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Raffensberger George L Penns Creek	837-2229
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Rag Shop The Rt 11 & 15 Selingsgrove	743-1161
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ARTS & SCIENCES

For Alumni of Columbian College and the Graduate School of Arts & Sciences

Prof. Frey had a profound effect on me. He was the first one to champion my work in French literature. He directed my Master's thesis, which he later on quoted directly in one of his books.

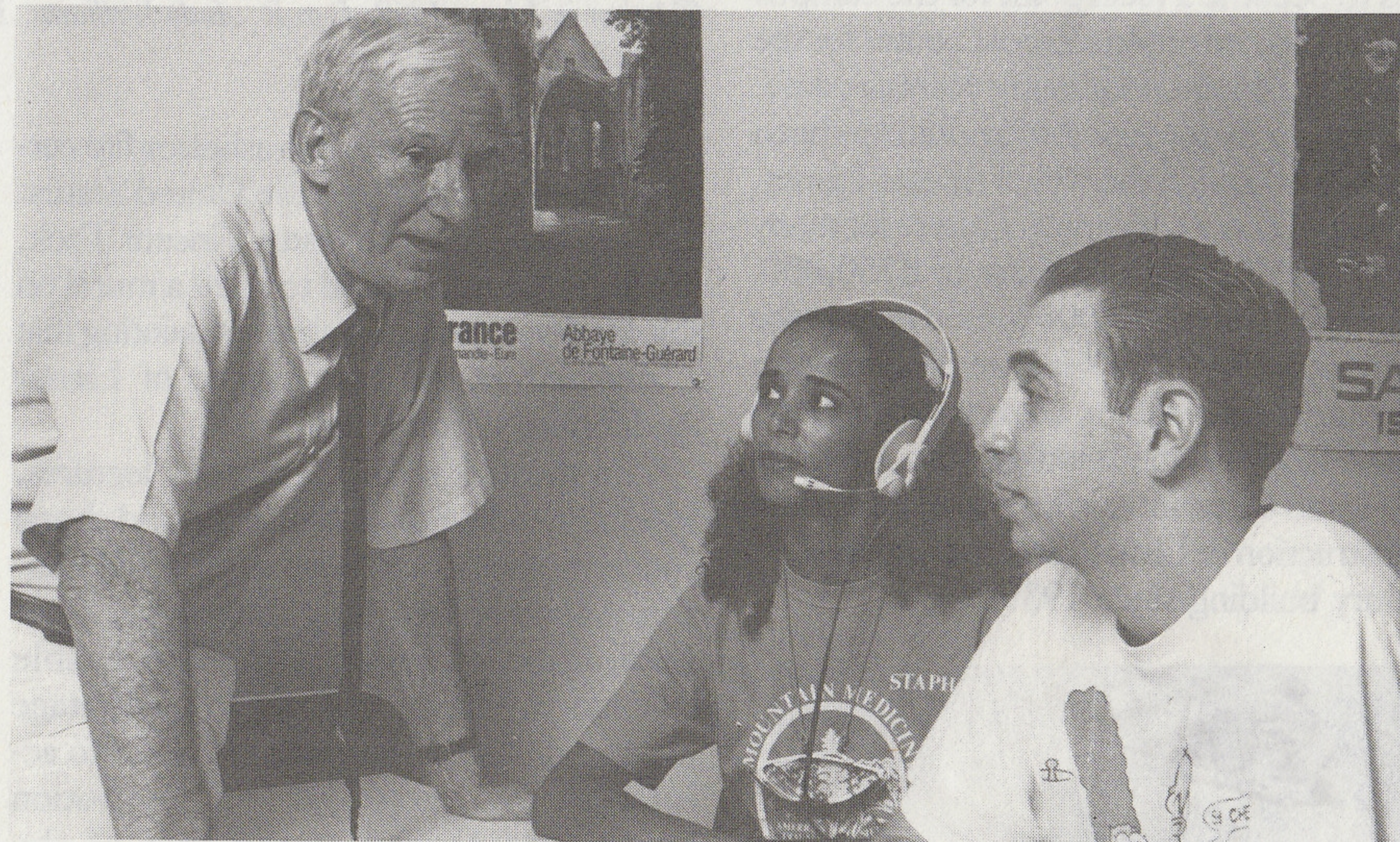
His impact on my life has been immense.

S.R.P.

01-17-2010

Faculty Profile: Jack Frey

by Debra Duff



Jack Frey works with students Nadia Tili and Gianpaolo Sinicropi in the language lab.

Peg Callihan

Faculty Profile: Jack Frey

continued from page 1

sored by Columbian College Alumni Association and for whom Frey served as dissertation adviser, echoes Turman's sentiments. Now working for the National Endowment for the Humanities promoting humanities projects at the grassroots level, Rogers says Frey helped her develop the critical eye for reading that she continues to use at work and for pleasure. "He forced us to think in a new way," said Rogers. "For Jack is a gifted and unique teacher... the finest I have had the fortune to encounter."

"I don't know anybody who's better at the job we're all supposed to be good at," adds Roy Guenther, chairman of GW's Music Department. Guenther, who gave several guest lectures in Frey's 19th century course last fall, including an evening sitting around

a piano playing Methodist hymns, admits he doesn't have the hours in the day that Frey regularly devotes to his students. "He has to feel good when he goes home at night."

The professor's commitment to GW carries over into campus activities as well, including his recent chairmanship of a special Faculty Senate Committee that examined the University's track record in affirmative-action hiring. Frey's group "took their charge seriously," says William Griffith, chair of the Senate's Executive Committee. "They prepared a good proposal."

"A lot of people don't believe in cultural diversity," says Frey, who as department chair assembled a more culturally diverse Romance language faculty and led efforts to update the department's curriculum offer-

ings. "I think it's worthwhile." On the Senate committee, "we tried to say, you know, you don't have to be to the right or the left. We are all better human beings when we acknowledge the fact that we are men and we are women and we come from diverse cultures, races and religions."

Happy and proud to be honored with the Trachtenberg Prize, Frey knows a good teacher when he sees one. "I think that [good teachers] probably still act like students themselves," he says. "They are busy learning."

Debra Duff is editor of "By George!" the newspaper of the GW community published by the University Relations Office. Her article about Jack Frey originally appeared in the summer 1991 edition of "By George!"

Arts & Sciences is published semi-annually by Columbian College and the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences of The George Washington University.

Robert W. Kenny

Dean of Columbian College

Acting Dean, Graduate School of Arts
and Sciences

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Readers are encouraged to submit ideas
for future issues. Correspondence may
be addressed to the Dean or to the
Editor.

Arts & Sciences is printed on recycled
paper.

John Andrew "Jack" Frey, professor of Romance Languages, was named the first recipient of GW's Oscar and Shoshana Trachtenberg Prize for Teaching in May. The prize, which includes a \$1,000 cash award, was endowed by GW President Stephen Joel Trachtenberg to honor the memory of his late parents. It was formally presented at the Columbian College May Commencement.

Jack Frey attended the University of Cincinnati as an undergraduate. The day student lived at home, and his father dropped him off very early each morning on his way to work. Frey remembers he had lots of time to fill before classes began, and he regularly would spend the hours in the library. "I read, read, read," he admits wistfully, "and I would read the craziest things—*Life* magazine from the beginning on, for example. But they were all good experiences."

Some 40 years later, Jack Frey is still reading and still serving up to students a full platter of lessons, including the importance of good library habits. The University's awarding of the Trachtenberg Prize to him is a tribute to his illustrious and ongoing career as teacher, mentor, scholar and inspiration.

Frey arrived at GW in 1960, fresh from earning a doctorate at Catholic University and two short stints teaching in high school and at St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia. "I don't think I started off with much gray matter," says the youthful 61-year-old of his academic and teaching career. "I'm rather convinced that I didn't." His "persistently working away," he claims, has been the key to success.

How does Frey, who teaches a full range of French language and literature courses, help his students develop their own potential? The first method, he says, is by monitoring. "I try to stress that students should be very conscious of what they are doing," he explains, "and not to allow any foggy things in their minds." Second, he advocates outlining. "I tell students if you can't outline you don't know what you're talking about." Frey also believes that stress hinders learning. "I think the removal of anxiety is a very important factor," he says. "For that reason, I return papers immediately. I don't keep anything hanging at all."

It's clear students in Frey's Fall '90 Humanities course on "The 19th Century" felt little stress and demonstrated lots of

creativity. Frey has taught the interdisciplinary course for the past two years and plans to continue the assignment this fall. Of last year's group, proclaims Frey: "I can say without hesitation that [they] were the best group of students I've had in my entire life."

The class read more than 3,000 pages of literature—from Dickens to Dostoevsky. Term papers, a minimum of 20 pages, addressed topics of prime interest in students' lives, providing they related to the 19th century. One pre-med student chronicled the development of chemistry in the 19th century; another, the phenomenon of the Methodist Church. "Well, they got very excited about all this stuff," relates Frey, "so we did field trips" — to cemeteries even, where they read poetry and examined tombstones.

The enthusiasm, Frey reports, did not die at the end of the term. In January, students from the fall course founded the 19th Century Society, a club that since has received full approval by the Student Association. "It's a real society," explains Frey, the group's faculty adviser, "to such an extent that we've had inquiries from two other campuses about the possibility of chartering in other places, and we would be the founding club."

This spring, official club activities included a "Saturday Afternoon on the Louvre" at the Renwick Gallery and a visit to DC's St. Elizabeths Hospital, as a follow-up to one student's paper on the evolution of the treatment of the insane. More activities, including a lecture on writer George Sand, are in the works for the fall.

"They take up a lot of my time," admits Frey, "but I don't mind. I really enjoy being with them. The 19th Century Society was born of the enthusiasm of these students."

Christopher Turman, the society's president and a student who nominated Frey for the Trachtenberg Prize, is enthusiastic all right, particularly about his experience in Frey's class as a first-semester freshman.

"It made my year to have a class where I got to know my professor outside of the classroom," says Turman, who hailed from a small private school in Philadelphia and regularly stopped by to talk with Frey about the Gulf War or his own life's developments. "He was our teacher and he always will be our teacher. He's someone we can learn so much from, even when we're not in the classroom."

Nancy Rogers, PhD '74 GSAS, who delivered a tribute to Frey at last year's 30-Year Faculty Recognition Lunch spon-

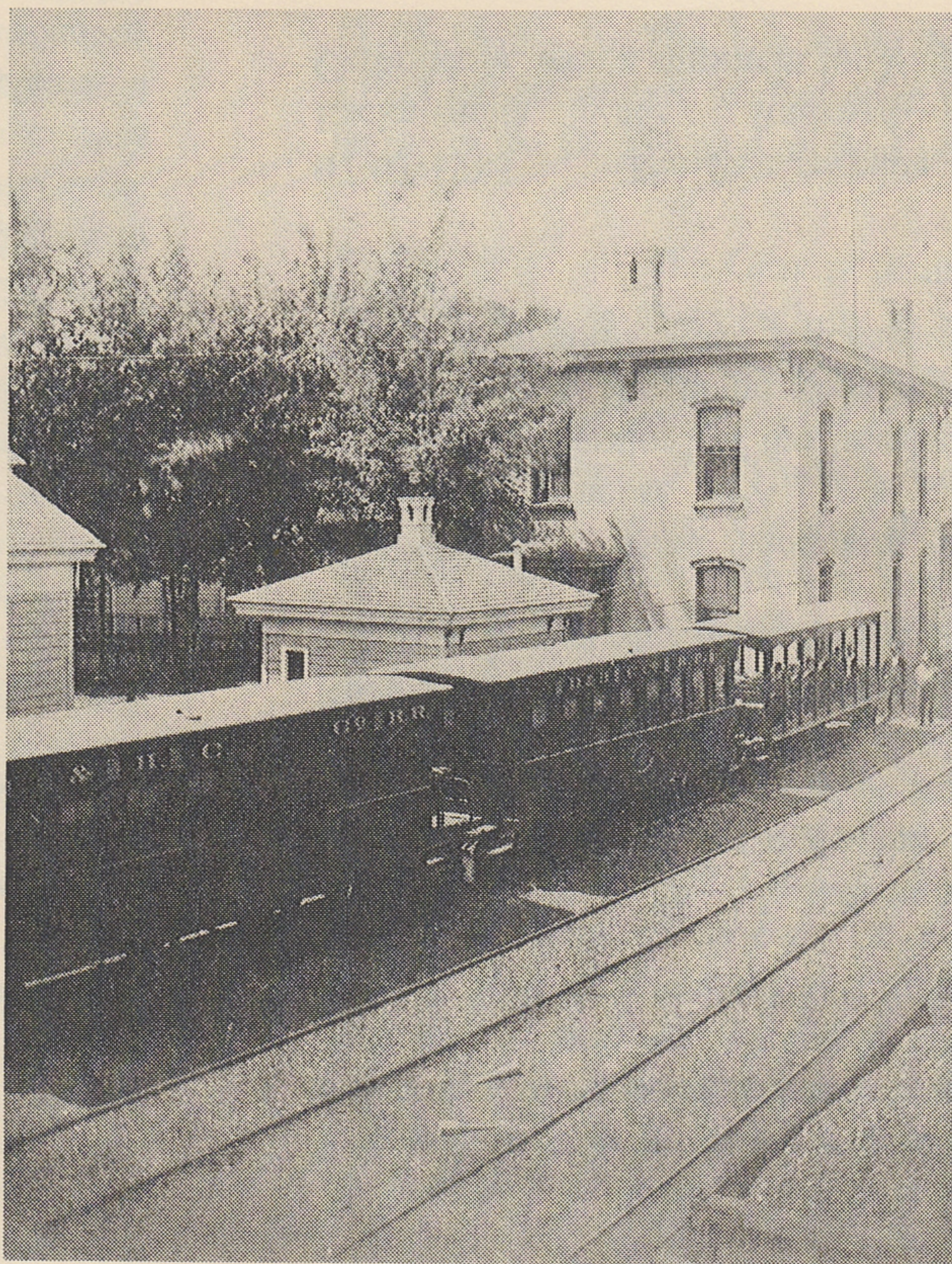
(continued on next page)

D&H TREK

Organized by the D&H Transportation Heritage Council, a partnership of public, private, and not-for-profit local, state, and federal organizations and individuals, including the Carbondale Historical Society and Museum.

CARBONDALE TO THE HUDSON RIVER October 9-12, 1998

The D&H Trek is being held to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the last trip by a canal boat, #1107, over the entire length of the D&H Canal, from Honesdale to Rondout. To celebrate that anniversary, sturdy cyclists will leave Carbondale at 10 A.M. on October 9, 1998, and pedal the entire distance of the D&H Gravity Railroad and Canal (over 125 miles) and deliver anthracite coal to Kingston, NY, on Monday, October 12, 1998.



D & H Gravity Railroad Depot, Carbondale. View #1190 in a series of stereoscopic views of Carbondale (#1167-1190) that were taken and published by L. Hensel, Port Jervis, NY. Original stereoscope view in the collection of the Carbondale Historical Society and Museum.

KICK-OFF CEREMONIES D&H TREK

DAY 1: Friday, October 9, 1998

(D&H Gravity Railroad opened 169 years ago today!)

**9-10 A.M., October 9, 1998
Train Station, Carbondale, PA**

Welcome by S. Robert Powell, President, Carbondale Historical Society

Salute to the Flag and Star Spangled Banner by Carbondale Area High School Band, James McMyne, Director

Remarks by Calvin F. Hite, National Park Service

Seven-Minute History of the D&H Gravity Railroad and Canal
by S. Robert Powell

Proclamation by Senator Robert J. Mellow, Pennsylvania Senate

Musical Selection by the Carbondale Area High School Band

Proclamation by Representative Edward Staback, Pennsylvania House of Representatives

Recognition and Appreciation from the Trekkers

Receiving of the Coal by Joseph Pascoe, Treasurer, Carbondale Historical Society; Joan Connor and Rosemary Wallis, Directors of the Carbondale Historical Society

Let the D&H Trek Begin! by S. Robert Powell and the Entire Assembly

CELEBRATING CARBONDALE'S HISTORY

The members, officers, and directors of the Carbondale Historical Society and Museum are pleased to have been able to do their part to commemorate this important event in the history of the D&H and the history of Carbondale. To become a member of the Society, contact the Secretary (Eleanor Spellman) or the Treasurer (Joseph Pascoe) at the Society's headquarters in City Hall. The number there is 282-0385.

The members of the Board of Directors of the Carbondale Historical Society are: Joan Connor, Robert Davies, Michael Delfino, Betty Dowd, Dominick Famularo, Tom Fontana, Jack Gillen, Marjanie Hellman, Paul Kaczmarcik, John Lawler, Marie McHugh, Anne Muldoon, Nancy Osborne, Erin Rupp, Michael Scott, Paul Starzer, Jeffrey Wallis, Rosemary Wallis, and Gloria Wilson.

THE CANAWLER

A professionally made film about the D&H Canal, titled *The Canawler*, was shown last night at 7:30 P.M. in Carbondale City Council chambers. This presentation was sponsored by the Carbondale Historical Society and Museum. Special thanks to Rich Wagner for allowing the Society to show his VHS transfer from the original 16 mm. copy owned by the Society.

A broad range of artifacts relating to the D&H's Gravity Railroad and Canal are owned by the Carbondale Historical Society. Many of those artifacts are now on display at the Historical Society on the third floor of Carbondale City Hall.

SPECIAL THANKS

During the 70 years that the D&H Canal was operational, tens of millions of tons of anthracite coal were shipped over the D&H Canal from Honesdale to the Hudson River. A large percentage of that coal was shipped from Carbondale to Honesdale over the D&H Canal Company's Gravity Railroad—and then to market, via the D&H Canal.

Special thanks to Jane Varcoe and Barbara Holmes of the Waymart Historical Society for emphasizing, at the initial D&H Trek meetings, the importance of the D&H Gravity Railroad in these four-day centennial ceremonies to mark the trip by the last boat through the D&H Canal.

THANK YOU

Sincere thanks to the following individuals and organizations for their assistance in making possible these kick-off ceremonies, sponsored by the Carbondale Historical Society and Museum, Inc.

1. Senator Robert Mellow (proclamation and endorsement)
2. Representative Edward Staback (proclamation and endorsement)
3. Victor Gazella and Boy Scout Troop 312 and Cub Scout Pack 17 (scouting participation in ceremony)
4. Police Chief Dominick Andidora and the Mounted Police of the Carbondale Police Department (traffic control and Trek escort)
5. Carbondale Area Junior Senior High School, Dr. Paul Kaczmarcik, principal (student involvement; equipment use)
6. Carbondale Area Junior Senior High School Band and Marching Units, James McMyne, director (student involvement)
7. Martin Lawler, Superintendent, Carbondale Area Junior Senior High Schools (student involvement)
8. James Burke, Assistant to the Principal, Carbondale Elementary and Fell Schools (student involvement)
9. Dr. Dominic Famularo, principal, Carbondale Elementary and Fell Schools (student involvement)
10. City of Carbondale, Michael Tolerico, mayor; Carbondale Fire Department (installation of banner across Main Street)
11. Carbondale City Council (use of Council Chambers)
12. Sister Karen, Sacred Heart Intermediate School principal (student involvement)
13. Ellen Murphy, Sacred Heart Elementary School principal (student involvement)
14. Joseph Kluck (creation of banner)
15. Joan Connor and Rosemary Wallis (preparation of coal souvenirs)
16. Rich Wagner (lending VHS transfer of "The Canawler")
17. Thomas Fontana (*Carbondale News*), Robert Tomaine and Joseph X. Flannery (*Scranton Times*) (media support)
18. Lori McKean, Trek Coordinator (who brought it all together and made these four-day commemorative celebrations a reality)
19. Calvin F. Hite, National Park Service (organizational support and guidance)
20. National Park Service and all Trek, Symposium, and Gala organizers, including Joseph Pascoe and S. Robert Powell, who represented Carbondale and the Historical Society at the organizational meetings that have made possible these kick-off ceremonies.
21. Michael Delfino, Marjanie Hellman, Gloria Wilson, Joan Connor, Rosemary Wallis, Jeffrey Wallis, Robert Davies, Paul Starzer, and Marie McHugh—who helped in a hundred ways to make these kick-off ceremonies possible; all are members of the Board of Directors of the Historical Society

p-c-6

THE TRIBUNE, SCRANTON, PA

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1999



Under the direction of James McMyne, the Carbondale Area Junior-Senior High School Band performs "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" Tuesday during "Charter Day Ceremonies," a celebration of the 148th anniversary of the incorporation of the City of Carbondale.

C'dale celebrates Charter Day

By Christopher J. Kelly
TRIBUNE REGIONAL STAFF

The city of Carbondale was conceived in a downtown concert hall on Oct. 5, 1850. Six months later, on March 15, 1851, it was officially born.

The rest is history.

Memories and music mined from the fertile past of the oldest city in the anthracite region and fourth oldest in the state made for a telling touchstone to the future Tuesday as students at Carbondale Area High School celebrated the 148th anniversary of the city's incorporation.

Directed by Carbondale Historical Society and Museum President Dr. S. Robert Powell, a group of students hosted the 7th Charter Day Ceremonies, an hour-long program of historical narrative and musical performances topped off with official proclamations from state and city government officials.

■ Carbondale ■

"A lot of local history used to be taught in the schools," Dr. Powell said, explaining the inspiration for the ceremonies. "Now it's not, which is too bad, especially in an area like this with such important history. This connects them to the past. It tries to open that door."

When opened, that door reveals Carbondale as a village that sprang up just 26 years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence to become a city 15 years before Scranton and 20 years before Wilkes-Barre.

Leading their fellow students across the threshold were seventh-grader Carmen Winters, eighth-grader Kathy Brager, freshman Melinda Atkins, sophomore James Prieto, juniors Carlo Savo and Leo Makosky, and seniors Carrie and Michelle Tolerico.

Taking turns spinning an

Senior Jeremy Pilny drew thunderous applause for an original percussion piece penned for the day's festivities.

oral history of the city, the students provided a detailed account of how faith, the railroad industry and King Coal turned the village into a boom-town.

Adding musical punctuation to the narrative were the junior-senior high school band and chorus. Senior Jeremy Pilny drew thunderous applause for an original percussion piece penned for the day's festivities.

In a proclamation designating March 15 "Carbondale Charter Day," Mayor Michael Tolerico lauded the city's contributions to American industry and said its place in Pennsylvania history is as deserved as it is secure.

Laurie Carlo, legislative assistant to state Rep. Ed Staback, delivered a citation from the state House of Representatives which hailed Carbondale's "diligent and productive citizens who have helped it to become an inspiring presence in this Commonwealth."

In closing, Dr. Powell called on all Carbondale residents to pull together to make the city's next 148 years as memorable as its first.

"Every one of you is as valuable as any asset any community can have. We are the city. You and I are the city," he said. "We are Carbondale."

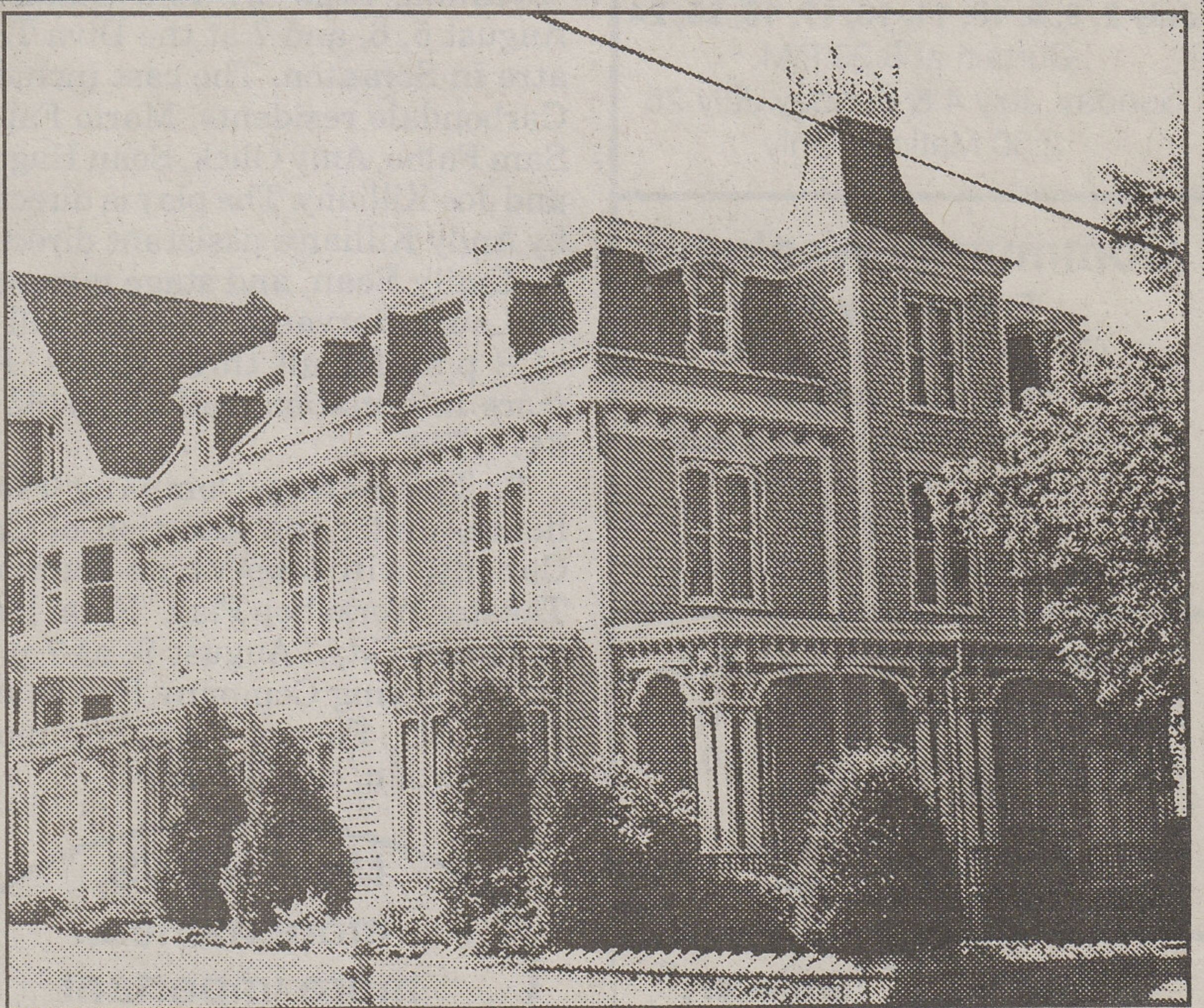


FLAG PLANTED AT REV. HILLER'S GRAVE — On July 7, a Christian flag was planted at the grave of Rev. William M. Miller, a United Methodist minister who served in Carbondale from 1882 to 1885. On hand for the ceremony were (left to right): John Buberniak of the Carbondale Historical Society

and Museum, Rev. Donald Anderson of the First United Methodist Church of Carbondale, funeral directors Kathryn and Oliver R. Shifler, and S. Robert Powell, president of the Carbondale Historical Society and Museum. (NEWS photo by Tom Flannery)



**Carbondale
Historical Society
Historic
Preservation
Award:
Alfred Pascoe
House**



The Carbondale Historical Society has presented its Distinguished Award for Historic Preservation to the owners of a home at 28 Lincoln Ave. In 1990, Joe and Toulla Vitale purchased the "Alfred Pascoe House," named after its original builder and owner in the 19th century. Restoration work began in 1993 and completed in 1996. Refabrication of interior woodwork was accomplished by Dietmar

Meyerrose, John Burberniak and Gary Moss. Al Granville replaced the roofing, and Bill Sandlin of Hawley did the painting. Attending the presentation of the award on December 2, 1998 were, left to right, Gary and Jennifer Moss, Joseph and Toulla Vitale, and Historical Society officers Joseph Pascoe and S. Robert Powell. (NEWS photo by Larry Gabriel Jr.)



HISTORICAL SOC. PURCHASES PAINTING — The Carbondale Historical Society recently purchased a painting by T.V. Motts of coal miner Francis "Hi" Munley, who lived in Archbald and died in 1991 from black lung. The painting was presented by

Motts (right) to Historical Society officers S. Robert Powell (left) and Joseph Pascoe (center) at the organization's offices in Carbondale City Hall, where it will be displayed. (NEWS photo by Tom Flannery)

The Carbondale Senior National Health and Fitness Day Wednesday, May 26, 1999 at the Carbondale Senior Center

SRP ↓



HISTORICAL SOCIETY TOUR—A historical tour of Carbondale by Carbondale Historical Society Presi-

dent S. Robert Powell (center) kicked off the seniors' day festivities.



HISTORICAL PAINTING EXHIBITED — S. Robert Powell, president of the Carbondale Historical Society and Museum, Inc., shows off a painting of the former D&H Railroad Station in Carbondale,

donated by the Pioneer American Bank several years ago and currently on display at the society's third floor location in the city building. (NEWS photo by Tom Flannery)

Historical Soc. preserving city's heritage

In November of 1981, a committee headed by S. Robert Powell was formed to initiate the restoration of the city building in downtown Carbondale. The group's first order of business was repairing the age-old tower clock at City Hall, but before that was accomplished, a merger took place among the committee members and several people who had been involved with a historical society begun seven years earlier in the city. The result of that merger was the Carbondale Historical Society and Museum, Inc., which now stands as the only organization dedicated to the preservation of a city's history in all of Lackawanna County. They have also been recognized by the state of Pennsylvania as a repository for artifacts and research material dealing with our local area.

First established in October of 1974 when Dr. Paul Gillette recommended that local history somehow be preserved, the original group (known simply as the Carbondale Historical Society) met over a two-year period at the Presbyterian Church and at private homes before interest among its members waned and the society became functionally non-existent until it was reshaped in '81. The Carbondale Historical Society is probably best remembered for a huge bicentennial pageant they presented at Russell Park in 1976, which Powell (though not affiliated with the group at that time) recalls fondly as being "a Cecil B. DeMille-type production."

As the restoration of City Hall

commenced in the early '80s, the Carbondale Historical Society and Museum, Inc. received permission to use the third floor of the building as its new location and immediately began renovating it. Three of the rooms on that floor have since been completed, and two more are still being worked on. There, exhibits, artifacts, paintings, and photographs record in remarkable detail the rich history of the Pioneer City, with a special emphasis on mining and railroads. In addition, the group's extensive archival material includes birth, death, and naturalization records of citizens past and present, local family genealogies, and historical reference aids.

Perhaps most impressive of all, the society joined with the Carbondale Public Library in microfilming Carbondale city newspaper editions dating from the 1820s to present day, an astounding collection that is kept for public viewing at the library.

Their current membership list boasts 150 people, several of whom belonged to the original group started in '74. Among those original members was Joseph Pascoe, who is presently coordinating plans for the society's 1992 Christmas dinner and annual meeting. Besides Powell, who was chosen as the Carbondale Historical Society and Museum, Inc.'s first president and still holds that office, the current officers are John Buberniak and Bob Price (co-vice presidents), Rita Scott (secretary), and Howard Yepson (treasurer).

Worth noting is the fact that all of the people involved in the society are volunteers and give their time freely just to make sure that Carbondale's history is preserved for future generations to study and enjoy.

But preserving local heritage is only a part of what the historical society does. They are still actively involved in the ongoing City Hall restoration project, raising \$18,000 several years ago and then acquiring matching state funds to have a portion of the roof replaced. They have also sponsored a free Christmas music concert at the Berean Baptist Church for nine years now, and plant flower boxes in Memorial Park and in the downtown business area each spring. This year's concert will be conducted on December 13.

The public is invited to call 282-0385 and leave a message on the answering machine if they wish to tour the historical society premises or examine any of the records. Tours of the third floor museum are also offered as class trips for schools or to various civic groups who desire to learn more about the ties that bind present and past generations of Carbondaleans. In fact, during the Steamtown excursion this past September, Powell reports that over 500 people toured the site.

The Carbondale Historical Society and Museum, Inc. is indeed preserving our history, but while they do, they're also helping to make it.

S. ROBERT POWELL

TERRY DEREN

— Welcoming a Steamtown train to
Carbondale on 09-19-1992



WASHINGTON SCHOOL

SIMPSON



NOSTALGIA — Around 1920, this is what the old images, such as photos, postcards books, Washington School in Simpson looked like. It is maps, letters, newspapers, old money, posters, now the site of Monkey Run Park. This photo is etc. He can be reached at the above address, or at from the collection of R.W. Gumpert, owner of his web site (raggedis@together.net) or in Pennsylvania by calling 570-969-1993. 541, Enosburg, Vermont 05450. Gumpert collects

Carbondale News

2-2-2000, p. 4

I went to fourth grade in this school. Mr. Wannen was my teacher. Our room was the one on the ground floor on the right side of the building.

Monkey Run park now
on this site.

★★★ 1987 CALENDAR ★★★

The Carbondale Historical Society is now preparing for publication a 1987 BIRTHDAY AND HISTORICAL wall calendar.

The illustrations at the top of each page of the calendar will be photographs and/or engravings of important individuals, historical sites and objects from the rich history of the area.

Printed in the various day blocks on these calendar pages will be: (1) important historical facts from the area's history that took place during each month of the year, (2) the birthdays and anniversaries of important historical figures from the area, and (3) the birthdays and anniversaries of PRESENT-DAY INDIVIDUALS FROM THE AREA--which is why this public announcement is being made.

This is an invitation to you to list your birthday or anniversary--and the birthdays and anniversaries of your family and friends--on this 1987 BIRTHDAY AND HISTORICAL CALENDAR, WHICH WILL BE PUBLISHED THIS SUMMER AND WILL BE AVAILABLE FOR DISTRIBUTION AND SALE BY THE Historical Society, as well as many area stores, beginning in August 1986.

HOW TO LIST YOUR BIRTHDAY/ANNIVERSARY ON THIS CALENDAR. For each birthday/anniversary that you would like to have printed on this 1987 calendar, the cost is only \$1.00. Fill out the request form that is given below, and mail it, together with \$1.00 for each birthday/anniversary that you would like listed, and mail in today your request to the Historical Society.

Don't pass up this opportunity to have your birthday--and the birthdays of the members of your family and friends--listed in this calendar history of the Carbondale Area.

REQUEST FORM

From:-----

Mail to: Birthday and Historical Calendar
Carbondale Historical Society
Post Office Box 151
Carbondale, Pa., 18407

Please list the following birthdays and anniversaries on the 1987 BIRTHDAY AND HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

Enclosed is \$1.00 for each date listed. It is not necessary to list the year, although you are encouraged to do so.

NAME

DATE

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

65.34





The Carbondale Historical Society
announces the publication of the

1987

BIRTHDAY AND HISTORICAL CALENDAR

This Calendar contains a great quantity of facts and information about Carbondale and the surrounding area as well as the birthdays and anniversaries of hundreds of your friends, relatives and neighbors.

In addition, published in this full-size wall calendar are twelve historic photographs of Carbondale and its citizens, including 8 rare stereoscopic views of Carbondale and surrounding area which have been out of print for over 100 years.

ORDER YOUR COPIES TODAY. Like the Calendar published by the Historical Society in 1983, this 1987 Calendar is sure to quickly become a collector's item.

TO: Carbondale Historical Society
Post Office Box 151
Carbondale, Pa., 18407

FROM:
name

.....
street address

.....
city state zip code

Send me copy/copies (at
\$5.00 per copy, plus \$1.00 postage and hand-
ling per copy) of the 1987 BIRTHDAY AND
HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

QUANTITY DISCOUNTS AVAILABLE

47.04

Our 114th year of serving the Carbondale area -- home of Joseph McCann

carbondale News

Vol. 114 No. 31

Wednesday, August 6, 1986

25¢

© Tom Heth, Inc., 1986

Thursday, August 21, 1986

THE FOREST

VOL. 99, NO. 37

25¢

CITY NEWS



PAGE SEVEN

Carbondale Historical Society publishes calendar with area historical facts

The Carbondale Historical Society's 1987 Birthday and Historical Calendar was published on Friday, August 1, 1986. Like the Historical calendar published by the Historical Society in 1983, the 1987 calendar presents to the reader a wide range of historical facts and data from the history of the following communities: Carbondale, Carbondale Township, Fell Township, Forest City, Greenfield Township, Jermyn, Mayfield, Richmondale and Simpson.

Reported in the various day blocks on this full-size wall calendar are: (1) important historical facts from the area's history and events that took place during each month of the year, (2) the birthdays and anniversaries of important historical figures from the area, and (3) the birthdays and anniversaries of hundreds of pre-

sent-day Carbondale area people and out of town residents and friends of the area.

Also included in the day blocks of this calendar are proverbs, popular sayings and direct quotations of various individuals. These have been included--as they are on many calendars, almanacs, and day books--for the purpose of enriching the document by making available to the reader these intrinsically interesting proverbs, popular sayings and direct quotations, some of which are well known, others of which are perhaps less well known.

At the top of each month page in this calendar is an historic photograph from the area's rich history. Reproduced on eight of the pages in this calendar are stereoscopic views of the area from the collection of Mrs. Marjorie Snedeker Holstein, Ardmore, PA. Seven of these

stereo views were taken by L. Hensel of Port Jervis and Hawley in the 1870's and have been out of print for over 100 years. The eighth stereo view is "Boy Picking Slate in a Great Coal Breaker, Anthracite Mines, Pa." This view by photographer Lewis Hine was published in 1910 by the Keystone View Company and was instrumental in the passage of the child labor laws in this country.

Published in this calendar is "A Brief History of the Stereograph" by Mrs. Holstein. In that history, she defines a stereograph as follows: "Stereographs, more commonly known as stereo views, are a pair of similar but not quite identical photographs which, when viewed through a simple device called a stereoscope, produce the illusion of single three-dimensional image."

These eight stereographs are

reproduced actual size in the calendar, which means that if the reader has access to a stereoscope and views the stereo reproductions on this calendar through that stereoscope that they will "read" as stereograph cards, that is to say, an illusion of a single three-dimensional image of each of these views of Carbondale and the surrounding area will be produced.

The other photographs published in the calendar are: Fall Brook Road, about 1900; the Russell Homestead, R.D., Carbondale. In addition, portraits of Henry Francis (?) Loftus and Henry Joseph Loftus and Maria Frances Loftus are published in this 1987 calendar.

Copies of the Historical Society's 1987 Birthday and Historical Calendar are now available (\$5 per calendar plus \$1 postage and handling) from the Historical Society, Post Office Box 151, Carbondale. Copies will also be available from the Historical Society at their booth during Pioneer Days, and from vendors throughout the city following Pioneer Days.

Our 114th year of serving the Carbondale area -- home of Dominick Calabro

Carbondale News

Vol. 114 No. 32

Wednesday, August 13, 1986

25¢

© Tom Heth, Inc., 1986

Carbondale (Pa.) News, Wednesday, August 13, 1986

9

CARBONDALE CALENDAR 1987

A wall calendar which contains a vast quantity of historical facts about Carbondale and the surrounding area, as well as the birthdays and anniversaries of hundreds of PRESENT-DAY citizens of Carbondale & environs. Published in this calendar are 12 historic photographs of Carbondale and its citizens, including 8 rare stereoscopic views which have been out of print for over 100 years. Copies of this 1987 Birthday and Historical Calendar are available in Carbondale at Carney's Drug Store and the Carbondale Public Library. To order by mail, write: Carbondale Historical Society, Post Office Box 151, Carbondale, Pa., 18407. Single copy - \$5.00, plus \$1.00 postage and handling per copy. Quantity discounts available.

#30.87

Our 114th year of serving the Carbondale area -- home of Elizabeth Shifler

Carbondale News

Vol. 114 No. 35

Wednesday, September 3, 1986

25¢

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Carbondale (Pa.) News, Wednesday, September 3, 1986

3

CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

Are you looking for the perfect \$5 Christmas present for a friend who now lives (or who used to live) in the Carbondale area? If you are, then go to **Carney's Drug Store**, the **Carbondale Public Library**, **Shaw's Stationery**, or **Thomas' Newsstand** and buy a copy of the **1987 CARBONDALE BIRTHDAY AND HISTORICAL CALENDAR**. This wall calendar contains a vast quantity of historical facts about Carbondale and the surrounding area, as well as the birthdays and anniversaries of hundreds of present-day citizens of Carbondale and environs. Published in this calendar, in addition, are 13 historic photographs of Carbondale and its citizens.

The cost of a single copy of this calendar is \$5.00. To order by mail, write: **Carbondale Historical society, Post Office Box 151, Carbondale PA 18407**. Enclose an additional \$1.00 for postage and handling. Quantity discounts available.

33.18

Our 114th year of serving the Carbondale area -- home of Elsie Zitterman

Carbondale News

Vol. 114 No. 34

Wednesday, August 27, 1986

25¢

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Carbondale (Pa.) News, . . Wednesday, August 27, 1986

3

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#30.87

Our 114th year of serving the Carbondale area -- home of Daniel Katchmore

Carbondale News

Vol. 114 No. 36

Wednesday, September 10, 1986

25¢

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2

Carbondale (Pa.) News

CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

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\$33.18




Now available...
1987
CARBONDALE CALENDAR

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\$52.14

Two men in top hats and suits are standing on either side of a large rectangular sign. They are holding the top corners of the sign with their right hands. The man on the left is looking at the sign, while the man on the right is looking towards the viewer. The sign has a white background with black text. The entire advertisement is framed by a decorative border with ornate corner pieces.

Now available...

1987

CARBONDALE CALENDAR

This wall calendar, published by the Carbondale Historical Society, contains a vast quantity of historical facts about Carbondale and the surrounding area, as well as the birthdays and anniversaries of hundreds of present-day citizens of Carbondale and environs. Published in this calendar are 13 historic photographs of Carbondale and environs, including 8 rare stereoscopic views which have been out of print for over 100 years.

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61.76





CHRISTMAS PRESENT!



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33.18



Sunday

November 1986

9

A Christmas Memory

By Truman Capote

with

S. ROBERT POWELL

Date: October 28, 1986

To: John V. Buberniak
Mr. and Mrs. James Hepburn
Mr. and Mrs. John N. Kiefer, Jr.
John Klimkiewicz
Henry J. Loftus, Jr.
Joseph Pascoe
Donald and Holly Powell
Susan B. Stephens
Jackie K. Warrington
Margaret L. Winter
Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Yepson

From: S. Robert Powell

On Sunday afternoon, November 9, 1986, at 3:00 P.M., a reading of Truman Capote's A CHRISTMAS MEMORY will take place at the Elkdale residence of S. Robert Powell. You are invited to attend and to participate in this reading.

I have enclosed a copy of the complete text of A CHRISTMAS MEMORY. If there is a portion of the text that you would like to read (I trust that everyone will want to read), please let me know before November 9th. A tape recording of the reading will be made.

Following the reading, a bonfire will be lighted, regardless of the weather, and a wiener roast will take place. Perhaps you would like to bring something for this wiener roast?

Dress warmly.

Irving Joseph, who wrote the original score for the string quartet which introduces and closes this album, is a prominent name in music circles. Well known as an arranger and conductor both of classical and jazz music, he wrote and performed in the first series of jazz piano quartets; has worked as pianist with major bands; arranged and conducted many recording dates; and has been an accompanist for many outstanding singers.

**EXCERPTS FROM CRITICAL COMMENT ON
"A CHRISTMAS MEMORY."**

"In 'A Christmas Memory' Mr. Capote presents a childhood to cherish."

—Coleman Rosenberger, *Herald Tribune Book Review*

"One of the most moving stories in our language."

—Paul Darcy Boles, *The Saturday Review*

"'A Christmas Memory' . . . is just that—a memory of a Christmas season when the author was seven and living with an endearing, childlike old female relative. It is full of kitchen smells and tastes, of outdoor excursions to gather nuts and holly, of the world of things and childlike human warmth. One is tempted to quote, but it is contrived of so many small touches that one would be obliged to quote it all to convey its flavor. It is nostalgic but the observation never blurs or softens, its is affectionate but never sentimental. It is also very funny. One would like it to go on and on . . ."

—Gordon Merrick, *The New Republic*

"'A Christmas Memory' is as tender and as beautifully done as anything you can read this year, or, for that matter, in a number of years."

—Dorothy Parker, *Esquire*

"'A Christmas Memory' is so moving that a seismograph ought to be picking up the tremors . . . something that I am sure will be an anthology classic from here to beyond."

—Leslie Hanscome, *N.Y. World Telegram & Sun*

"'A Christmas Memory' is simply the story of the love that two lonely people — a young boy, an old and childlike woman — have for each other. Nothing, he is saying in effect, is so important as unselfish love. It is one thing to say it and another to demonstrate it, and the fact that Mr. Capote dramatizes it with his old skill and a new directness is somehow the measure of his maturity as a writer."

—John K. Hutchens, *N.Y. Herald Tribune*

"'A Christmas Memory' is a beautiful tale of a Christmas tune twenty years ago with only two characters, really, a boy and an old woman. They make some fruit-cakes. They go into the woods and come back with a tree. That's about all there is to it. . . . But what a story! . . . I just hope you've been good enough to deserve finding a copy of the book under your tree. If not, pray that someone will read 'A Christmas Memory' to you."

—John G. Fuller, *The Saturday Review*

A Christmas Memory

By Truman Capote

①
IMAGINE a morning in late November. A coming of winter morning more than twenty years ago. Consider the kitchen of a spreading old house in a country town. A great black stove is its main feature; but there is also a big round table and a fireplace with two rocking chairs placed in front of it. Just today the fireplace commenced its seasonal roar.

A woman with shorn white hair is standing at the kitchen window. She is wearing tennis shoes and a shapeless gray sweater over a summery calico dress. She is small and sprightly, like a bantam hen; but, due to a long youthful illness, her shoulders are pitifully hunched. Her face is remarkable — not unlike Lincoln's, craggy like that, and tinted by sun and wind; but it is delicate too, finely boned, and her eyes are sherry-colored and timid. "Oh, my," she exclaims, her breath smoking the windowpane, "it's fruitcake weather!"

The person to whom she is speaking is myself. I am seven; she is sixty-something. We are cousins, very distant ones, and we have lived together — well, as long as I can remember. Other people inhabit the house, relatives; and though they have power over us, and frequently make us cry, we are not, on the whole, too much aware of them. We are each other's best friend. She calls me Buddy, in memory of a boy who was formerly her best friend. The other Buddy died in the 1880's, when she was still a child. She is still a child.

"I knew it before I got out of bed," she says, turning away from the window with a purposeful excitement in her eyes. "The courthouse bell sounded so cold and clear. And there were no birds singing; they've gone to warmer country, yes indeed. Oh, Buddy, stop stuffing biscuit and fetch your buggy. Help me find my hat. We've thirty cakes to bake."

It's always the same: a morning arrives in November, and my friend, as though officially inaugurating the Christmas time of the year that exhilarates her imagination and fuels the blaze of her heart, announces: It's fruitcake weather! Fetch our buggy. Help me find my hat."

2
The hat is found, a straw cartwheel corsaged with velvet roses out-of-doors has faded: it once belonged to a more fashionable relative. Together, we guide our buggy, a dilapidated baby carriage, out to the garden and into a grove of pecan trees. The buggy is mine; that is, it was bought for me when I was born. It is made of wicker, rather unraveled, and the wheels wobble like a drunkard's legs. But it is a faithful object; springtimes, we take it to the woods and fill it with flowers, herbs, wild fern for our porch pots; in the summer, we pile it with picnic paraphernalia and sugar-cane fishing poles and roll it down to the edge of a creek; it has its winter uses, too: as a truck for hauling firewood from the yard to the kitchen, as a warm bed for Queenie, our tough little orange and white rat-terrier who has survived distemper and two rattlesnake bites. Queenie is trotting beside it now.

Three hours later we are back in the kitchen hulling a heaping buggy-load of windfall pecans. Our backs hurt from gathering them: how hard they were to find (the main crop having been shaken off the trees and sold by the orchard's owners, who are not us) among the con-

cealing leaves, the frosted, deceiving grass. Caarackle! A cheery crunch, scraps of miniature thunder sound as the shells collapse and the golden mound of sweet oily ivory meat mounts in a milk glass bowl. Queenie begs to taste, and now and again my friend sneaks her a mite, though insisting we deprive ourselves. "We mustn't, Buddy. If we start, we won't stop. And there's scarcely enough as there is. For thirty cakes." The kitchen is growing dark. Dusk turns the window into a mirror: our reflections mingle with the rising moon as we work by the fireside in the firelight. At last, when the moon is quite high, we toss the final hull into the fire and, with joined sighs, watch it catch flame. The buggy is empty, the bowl is brimful.

We eat our supper (cold biscuits, bacon, blackberry jam) and discuss tomorrow. Tomorrow the kind of work I like best begins: buying. Cherries and citron, ginger and vanilla and canned Hawaiian pineapple, rinds and raisins and walnuts and whisky and oh, so much flour, butter, so many eggs, spices, flavorings: why, we'll need a pony to pull the buggy home.

But before these purchases can be made, there is the question of money. Neither of us has any. Except for skinflint sums persons in the house occasionally provide (a dime is considered very big money); or what we earn ourselves from various activities: holding rummage sales, selling buckets of hand-picked blackberries, jars of homemade jam and apple jelly and peach preserves, rounding up flowers for funerals and weddings. Once we won seventy-ninth prize, five dollars, in a national football contest. Not that we know a fool-thing about football. It's just that we enter any contest we hear about: at the moment our hopes are centered on the fifty-thousand-dollar Grand Prize being offered to name a new brand of coffee (we suggested "A.M."; and, after some hesitation, for my friend thought it perhaps sacrilegious, the slogan "A.M.! Amen!"). To tell the truth, our only really profitable enterprise was the Fun and Freak Museum we conducted in a back-yard woodshed two summers ago. The Fun was a stereopticon with slide views of Washington and New York lent us by a relative who had been to those places (she was furious when she discovered why we'd borrowed it); the Freak was a three-legged biddy-chicken hatched by one of our own hens. Everybody hereabouts wanted to see that biddy: we charged grownups a nickel, kids two cents. And took in a good twenty dollars before the museum shut down due to the decease of the main attraction.

But one way and another we do each year accumulate Christmas savings, a Fruitcake Fund. These moneys we keep hidden in an ancient bead purse under a loose board under the floor under a chamber pot under my friend's bed. The purse is seldom removed from this safe location except to make a deposit or, as happens every Saturday, a withdrawal; for on Saturdays I am allowed ten cents to go to the picture show. My friend has never been to a picture show, nor does she intend to: "I'd rather hear you tell the story, Buddy. That way I can imagine it more. Besides, a person my age shouldn't squander their eyes. When the Lord comes, let me see Him clear." In addition to never having seen a movie, she has never: eaten in a restaurant, traveled more than

five miles from home, received or sent a telegram, read anything except funny papers and the Bible, worn cosmetics, cursed, wished someone harm, told a lie on purpose, let a hungry dog go hungry. Here are a few things she has done, does do: killed with a hoe the biggest rattlesnake ever seen in this county (sixteen rattles), dip snuff (secretly), tame hummingbirds (just try it) till they balance on her finger, tell ghost stories (we both believe in ghosts) so tingling they chill you in July, talk to herself, take walks in the rain, grow the prettiest japonicas in town, know the recipe for every sort of old-time Indian cure, including a magical wart-remover.

Now, with supper finished, we retire to the room in a faraway part of the house where my friend sleeps in a scrap-quilt-covered iron bed painted rose pink, her favorite color. Silently, wallowing in the pleasures of conspiracy, we take the bead purse from its secret place and spill its contents on the scrap quilt. Dollar bills, tightly rolled and green as May buds. Somber fifty-cent pieces, heavy enough to weight a dead man's eyes. Lovely dimes, the liveliest coin, the one that really jingles. Nickels and quarters, worn smooth as creek pebbles. But mostly a hateful heap of bitter-odored pennies. Last summer others in the house contracted to pay us a penny for every twenty-five flies we killed. Oh, the carnage of August: the flies that flew to heaven! Yet it was not work in which we took pride. And, as we sit counting pennies, it is as though we were back tabulating dead flies. Neither of us has a head for figures; we count slowly, lose track, start again. According to her calculations, we have \$12.73. According to mine, exactly \$13. "I do hope you're wrong, Buddy. We can't mess around with thirteen. The cakes will fall. Or put somebody in the cemetery. Why, I wouldn't dream of getting out of bed on the thirteenth." This is true: she always spends thirteenth in bed. So, to be on the safe side, we subtract a penny and toss it out the window.

Of the ingredients that go into our fruitcakes, whisky is the most expensive, as well as the hardest to obtain: State laws forbid its sale. But everybody knows you can buy a bottle from Mr. Haha Jones. And the next day, having completed our more prosaic shopping, we set out for Mr. Haha's business address, a "sinful" (to quote public opinion) fish-fry and dancing café down by the river. We've been there before, and on the same errand; but in previous years our dealings have been with Haha's wife, an iodine-dark Indian woman with brassy peroxidized hair and a dead-tired disposition. Actually, we've never laid eyes on her husband, though we've heard that he's an Indian too. A giant with razor scars across his cheeks. They call him Haha because he's so gloomy, a man who never laughs. As we approach his café (a large log cabin festooned inside and out with chains of garish-gay naked light bulbs and standing by the river's muddy edge under the shade of river trees where moss drifts through the branches like gray mist) our steps slow down. Even Queenie stops prancing and sticks close by. People have been murdered in Haha's café. Cut to pieces. Hit on the head. There's a case coming up in court next month. Naturally these goings-on happen at night when the colored lights cast crazy patterns and the victrola wails. In the daytime Haha's is shabby and de-

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serted. I knock at the door, Queenie barks, my friend calls: "Mrs. Haha, ma'am? Anyone to home?"

Footsteps. The door opens. Our hearts overturn. It's Mr. Haha Jones himself! And he is a giant; he *does* have scars; he *doesn't* smile. No, he glowers at us through Satan-tilted eyes and demands to know: "What you want with Haha?"

For a moment we are too paralyzed to tell. Presently my friend half-finds her voice, a whispery voice at best: "If you please, Mr. Haha, we'd like a quart of your finest whisky."

His eyes tilt more. Would you believe it? Haha is smiling! Laughing, too. "Which one of you is a drinkin' man?"

"It's for making fruitcakes, Mr. Haha. Cooking."

This sobers him. He frowns. "That's no way to waste good whisky." Nevertheless, he retreats into the shadowed café and seconds later appears carrying a bottle of daisy yellow unlabeled liquor. He demonstrates its sparkle in the sunlight and says: "Two dollars."

We pay him with nickels and dimes and pennies. Suddenly, jangling the coins in his hand like a fistful of dice, his face softens. "Tell you what," he proposes, pouring the money back into our bead purse, "just send me one of them fruitcakes instead."

"Well," my friend remarks on our way home, "there's a lovely man. We'll put an extra cup of raisins in *his* cake."

The black stove, stoked with coal and firewood, glows like a lighted pumpkin. Eggbeaters whirl, spoons spin round in bowls of butter and sugar, vanilla sweetens the air, ginger spices it; melting, nose-tingling odors saturate the kitchen, suffuse the house, drift out to the world on puffs of chimney-smoke. In four days our work is done. Thirty-one cakes, dampened with whisky, bask on window sills and shelves.

Who are they for?

Friends. Not necessarily neighbor friends: indeed, the larger share are intended for persons we've met maybe once, perhaps not at all. People who've struck our fancy. Like President Roosevelt. Like the Reverend and Mrs. J. C. Lucey, Baptist missionaries to Borneo who lectured here last winter. Or the little knife grinder who comes through town twice a year. Or Abner Packer, the driver of the six o'clock bus from Mobile, who exchanges waves with us every day as he passes in a dust-cloud whoosh. Or the young Wistons, a California couple whose car one afternoon broke down outside the house and who spent a pleasant hour chatting with us on the porch (young Mr. Wiston snapped our picture, the only one we've ever had taken). Is it because my friend is shy with everyone *except* strangers that these strangers, and merest acquaintances, seem to us our truest friends? I think yes. Also, the scrapbooks we keep of thank-you's on White House stationery, time to time communications from California and Borneo, the knife grinder's penny post cards, make us feel connected to eventful worlds beyond the kitchen with its view of a sky that stops.

Now a nude December fig branch grates against the window. The kitchen is empty, the cakes are gone; yesterday we carted the last of them to the post office, where the cost of stamps turned our purse inside out. We're broke. That rather depresses me, but my friend insists on celebrating—with two inches of whisky left in Haha's bottle. Queenie has a spoonful in a bowl of coffee (she likes her coffee chicory-flavored and strong). The rest we divide between a pair of jelly glasses. We're both quite awed at the prospect of drinking straight whisky; the taste of it brings screwed-up expressions and sour shudders. But by-and-by we begin to sing, the two of us singing different songs simultaneously. I don't know the words to mine, just: *Come on along, come on along, to the darktown strutters' ball*. But I can dance: that's what I mean to be, a tap dancer in the movies. My dancing shadow rollicks on the walls; our voices rock the china-ware; we giggle: as if unseen hands were tickling us. Queenie rolls on her back, her paws plow the air, something like a grin stretches her black lips. Inside myself, I

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feel warm and sparky as those crumbling logs, carefree as the wind in the chimney. My friend waltzes round the stove, the hem of her poor calico skirt pinched between her fingers as though it were a party dress: *Show me the way to go home*, she sings, her tennis shoes squeaking on the floor, *Show me the way to go home*.

Enter: two relatives. Very angry. Potent with eyes that scold, tongues that scald. Listen to what they have to say, the words tumbling together into a wrathful tune: "A child of seven! whisky on his breath! are you out of your mind? feeding a child of seven! must be loony! road to ruin! remember Cousin Kate? Uncle Charlie? Uncle Charlie's brother-in-law? shame! scandal! humiliation! kneel, pray, beg the Lord!"

Queenie sneaks under the stove. My friend gazes at her shoes, her chin quivers, she lifts her skirt and blows her nose and runs to her room. Long after the town has gone to sleep and the house is silent except for the chimings of clocks and the sputter of fading fires, she is weeping into a pillow already as wet as a widow's handkerchief.

"Don't cry," I say, sitting at the bottom of her bed and shivering despite my flannel nightgown that smells of last winter's cough sirup, "don't cry," I beg, teasing her toes, tickling her feet, "you're too old for that."

"It's because," she hiccups, "I *am* too old. Old and funny."

"Not funny. Fun. More fun than anybody. Listen. If you don't stop crying you'll be so tired tomorrow we can't go cut a tree."

She straightens up. Queenie jumps on the bed (where Queenie is not allowed) to lick her cheeks. "I know where we'll find real pretty trees, Buddy. And holly, too. With berries big as your eyes. It's way off in the woods. Farther than we've ever been. Papa used to bring us Christmas trees from there; carry them on his shoulder. That's fifty years ago. Well, now: I can't wait for morning."

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Morning. Frozen rime lusters the grass; the sun, round as an orange and orange as hot-weather moons, balances on the horizon, burnishes the silvered winter woods. A wild turkey calls. A renegade hog grunts in the undergrowth. Soon, by the edge of knee-deep, rapid-running water, we have to abandon the buggy. Queenie wades the stream first, paddles across barking complaints at the swiftness of the current, the pneumonia-making coldness of it. We follow, holding our shoes and equipment (a hatchet, a burlap sack) above our heads. A mile more: of chastising thorns, burrs and briars that catch at our clothes; of rusty pine needles brilliant with gaudy fungus and molted feathers. Here, there, a flash, a flutter, an ecstasy of shrillings remind us that not all the birds have flown south. Always, the path unwinds through lemony sun pools and pitch vine tunnels. Another creek to cross: a disturbed armada of speckled trout froths the water round us, and frogs the size of plates practice belly flops; beaver workmen are building a dam. On the farther shore, Queenie shakes herself and trembles. My friend shivers, too: not with cold but enthusiasm. One of her hat's ragged roses sheds a petal as she lifts her head and inhales the pine-heavy air. "We're almost there; can you smell it, Buddy?" she says, as though we were approaching an ocean.

And, indeed, it is a kind of ocean. Scented acres of holiday trees, prickly-leaved holly. Red berries shiny as Chinese bells: black crows swoop upon them screaming. Having stuffed our burlap sack with enough greenery and crimson to garland a dozen windows, we set about choosing a tree. "It should be," muses my friend, "twice as tall as a boy. So a boy can't steal the star." The one we pick is twice as tall as me. A brave handsome brute that survives thirty hatchet strokes before it kneels with a creaking rending cry. Lugging it like a kill, we commence the long trek out. Every few yards we abandon the struggle, sit down and pant. But we have the strength of triumphant hunters; that and the tree's virile, icy perfume revive us, goad us on. Many compliments accompany our sunset return along the red clay road to

town; but my friend is sly and noncommittal when passersby praise the treasure perched in our buggy: what a fine tree and where did it come from? "Yonderways," she murmurs vaguely. Once a car stops and the rich mill owner's lazy wife leans out and whines: "Giveya two-bits cash for that ol tree." Ordinarily my friend is afraid of saying no; but on this occasion she promptly shakes her head: "We wouldn't take a dollar." The mill owner's wife persists. "A dollar, my foot! Fifty cents. That's my last offer. Goodness, woman, you can get another one." In answer, my friend gently reflects: "I doubt it. There's never two of anything."

Home: Queenie slumps by the fire and sleeps till tomorrow, snoring loud as a human.

A trunk in the attic contains: a shoe box of ermine tails (off the opera cape of a curious lady who once rented a room in the house), coils of frazzled tinsel gone gold with age, one silver star, a brief hope of dilapidated, undoubtedly dangerous candy-like light bulbs. Excellent decorations, as far as they go, which isn't far enough: my friend wants our tree to blaze "like a Baptist window," droop with weighty snows of ornament. But we can't afford the made-in-Japan splendors at the five-and-dime. So we do what we've always done: sit for days at the kitchen table with scissors and crayons and stacks of colored paper. I make sketches and my friend cuts them out: lots of cats, fish too (because they're easy to draw), some apples, some watermelons, a few winged angels devised from saved-up sheets of Hershey bar tin foil. We use safety pins to attach these creations to the tree; as a final touch, we sparkle the branches with shredded cotton (picked in August for this purpose). My friend, surveying the effect, clasps her hands together. "Now honest, Buddy. Doesn't it look good enough to eat?" Queenie tries to eat an angel.

After weaving and ribboning holly wreaths for all the front windows, our next project is the fashioning of family gifts. Tie-dye scarves for the ladies, for the men a home-brewed lemon and licorice and aspirin sirup to be taken "at the first Symptoms of a Cold and after Hunting." But when it comes time for making each other's gift, my friend and I separate to work secretly. I would like to buy her a pearl-handled knife, a radio, a whole pound of chocolate-covered cherries (we tasted some once, and she always swears: "I could live on them, Buddy, Lord yes I could — and that's not taking His name in vain"). Instead, I am building her a kite. She would like to give me a bicycle (she's said so on several million occasions: "If only I could, Buddy. It's bad enough in life to do without something *you* want; but confound it, what gets my goat is not being able to give somebody something you want *them* to have. Only one of these days I will, Buddy. Locate you a bike. Don't ask how. Steal it, maybe"). Instead, I'm fairly certain that she is building me a kite—the same as last year, and the year before; the year before that we exchanged sling-shots. All of which is fine by me. For we are champion kite-fliers who study the wind like sailors; my friend, more accomplished than I, can get a kite aloft when there isn't enough breeze to carry clouds.

Christmas eve afternoon we scrape together a nickel and go to the butcher's to buy Queenie's traditional gift, a good gnawable beef bone. The bone, wrapped in funny paper, is placed high in the tree near the silver star. Queenie knows it's there. She squats at the foot of the tree staring up in a trance of greed: when bedtime arrives she refuses to budge. Her excitement is equaled by my own. I kick the covers and turn my pillow as though it were a scorching summer's night. Somewhere a rooster crows: falsely, for the sun is still on the other side of the world.

"Buddy, are you awake?" It is my friend, calling from her room, which is next to mine; and an instant later she is sitting on my bed holding a candle. "Well, I can't sleep a hoot," she declares. "My mind's jumping like a jack rabbit. Buddy, do you think Mrs. Roosevelt will serve our cake at dinner?" We huddle in the bed, and she squeezes my hand I-love-you. "Seems like your hand



used to be so much smaller. I guess I hate to see you grow up. When you're grown up, will we still be friends?" I say always. "But I feel so bad, Buddy. I wanted so bad to give you a bike. I tried to sell my cameo Papa gave me. Buddy," she hesitates, as though embarrassed, "—I made you another kite." Then I confess that I made her one, too; and we laugh. The candle burns too short to hold. Out it goes, exposing the starlight, the stars spinning at the window like a visible caroling that slowly, slowly daybreak silences. Possibly we doze; but the beginnings of dawn splash us like cold water: we're up, wide-eyed and wandering while we wait for others to waken. Quite deliberately my friend drops a kettle on the kitchen floor. I tap-dance in front of closed doors. One by one the household emerges, looking as though they'd like to kill us both; but it's Christmas, so they can't. First, a gorgeous breakfast: just everything you can imagine — from flapjacks and fried squirrel to hominy grits and honey-in-the-comb. Which puts everyone in a good humor except my friend and I. Frankly, we're so impatient to get at the presents we can't eat a mouthful.

Well, I'm disappointed. ~~Who~~ Who wouldn't be? With socks, a Sunday school shirt, some handkerchiefs, a hand-me-down sweater and a year's subscription to a religious magazine for children, *The Little Shepherd*. It makes me boil. It really does.

My friend has a better haul. A sack of Satsumas, that's her best present. She is proudest, however, of a white wool shawl knitted by her married sister. But she says her favorite gift is the kite I built her. And it is very beautiful; though not as beautiful as the one she made me, which is blue and scattered with gold and green Good Conduct stars; moreover, my name is painted on it, "Buddy."

"Buddy, the wind is blowing."

The wind is blowing, and nothing will do till we've run to a pasture below the house where Queenie has scooted to bury her bone (and where, a winter hence, Queenie will be buried too). There, plunging through the healthy waist-high grass, we unreel our kites, feel them twitching at the string like sky fish as they swim into the wind. Satisfied, sun-warmed, we sprawl in the grass and peel Satsumas and watch our kites cavort. Soon I forget the socks and hand-me-down sweater. I'm as happy as if we'd already won the fifty-thousand-dollar Grand Prize in that coffee-naming contest.

"My, how foolish I am!" my friend cries, suddenly alert, like a woman remembering too late she has biscuits in the oven. "You know what I've always thought?" she asks in a tone of discovery, and not smiling at me but a point beyond. "I've always thought a body would have to be sick and dying before they saw the Lord. And

I imagined that when he came it would be like looking at the Baptist window: pretty as colored glass with the sun pouring through, such a shine you don't know it's getting dark. And it's been a comfort: to think of that shine taking away all the spooky feeling. But I'll wager it never happens. I'll wager at the very end a body realizes the Lord has already shown himself. That things as they are," her hand circles in a gesture that gathers clouds and kites and grass and Queenie pawing earth over her bone, "just what they've always seen, was seeing him. As for me, I could leave the world with today in my eyes."

This is our last Christmas together.

Life separates us. Those who Know Best decide that I belong in a military school. And so follows a miserable succession of bugle-blowing prisons, grim reveille-ridden summer camps. I have a new home, too. But it doesn't count. Home is where my friend is, and there I never go.

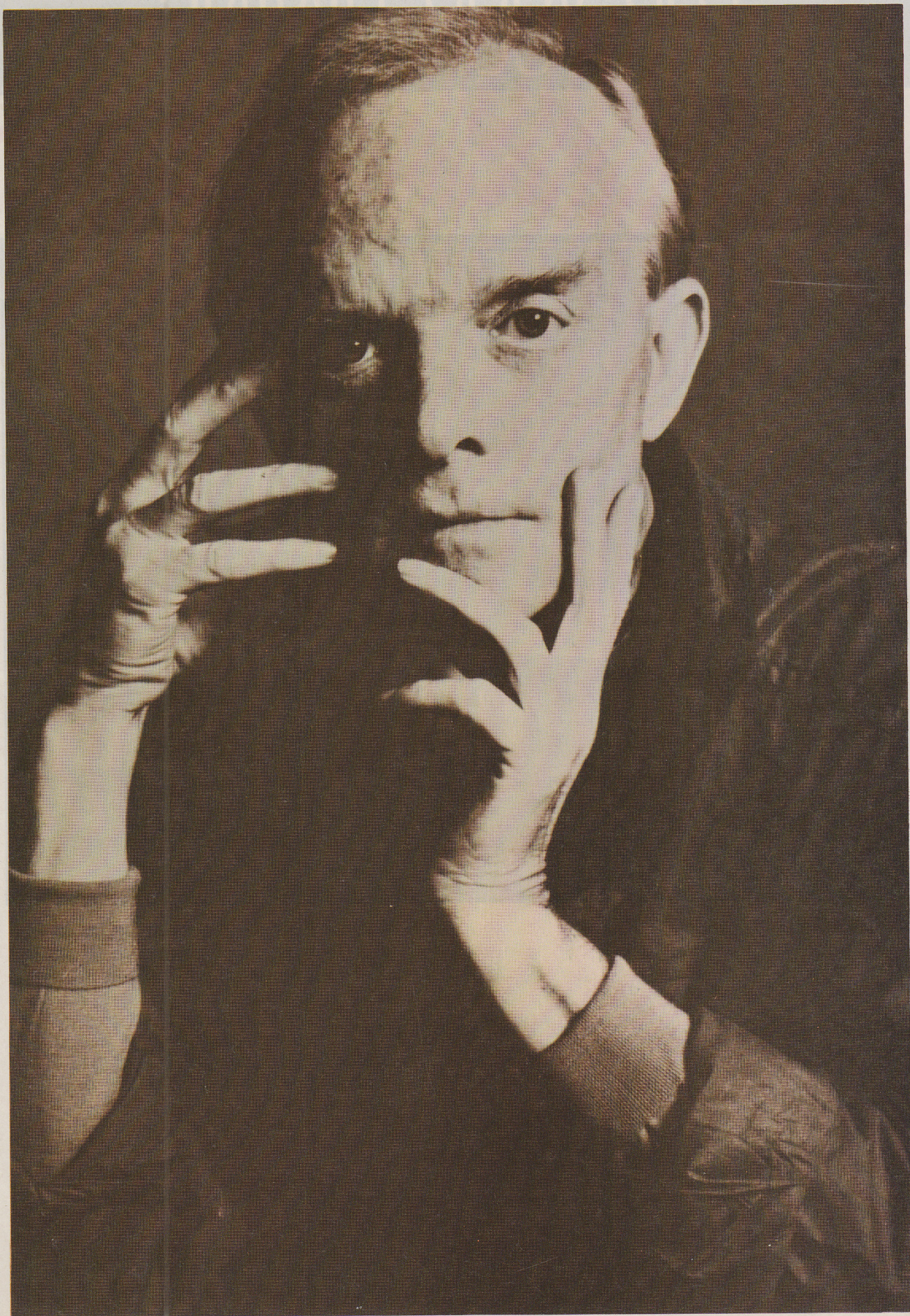


And there she remains, puttering around the kitchen. Alone with Queenie. Then alone. ("Buddy dear," she writes in her hard-to-read script, "yesterday Jim Macy's horse kicked Queenie bad. Be thankful she didn't feel much. I wrapped her in a Fine Linen sheet and rode her in the buggy down to Simpson's pasture where she can be with all her Bones . . ."). For a few Novembers she continues to bake her fruitcakes singlehanded! not as many, but some: and, of course, she always sends me "the best of the batch." Also, in every letter she encloses a dime wadded in toilet paper: "See a picture show and write me the story." But gradually in her letters she tends to confuse me with her other friend, the Buddy who died in the 1880's; more and more thirteenth are not the only days she stays in bed: a morning arrives in November, a leafless birdless coming of winter morning, when she cannot rouse herself to exclaim: "Oh my, it's fruitcake weather!"

And when that happens, I know it. A message saying so merely confirms a piece of news some secret vein had already received, severing from me an irreplaceable part of myself, letting it loose like a kite on a broken string. That is why, walking across a school campus on this particular December morning, I keep searching the sky. As if I expected to see, rather like hearts, a lost pair of kites hurrying toward heaven.

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Watch "A Christmas Memory," a one-hour special
airing Monday, December 10, at 8 p.m. on TV12

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY

A fond remembrance of holidays past
spent with a cherished loved one

By Truman Capote

Imagine a morning in late November. A coming of winter morning more than twenty years ago. Consider the kitchen of a spreading old house in a country town. A great black stove is its main feature; but there is also a big round table and a fireplace with two rocking chairs placed in front of it. Just today the fireplace commenced its seasonal roar. A woman with shorn white hair is standing at the kitchen window. She is wearing tennis shoes and a shapeless gray sweater over a summery calico dress. She is small and sprightly, like a bantam hen; but, due to a long youthful illness, her shoulders are pitifully hunched. Her face is remarkable — not unlike Lincoln's, craggy like that, and tinted by the sun and wind, but it is delicate too, finely boned, and her eyes are sherry-colored and timid. "Oh my," she exclaims, her breath smoking the windowpane, "it's fruitcake weather!"

The person to whom she is speaking is myself. I am seven; she is sixty-something. We are cousins, very distant ones, and we have lived together — well, as long as I can remember. Other people inhabit the house, relatives; and though they have power over us, and frequently make us cry, we are not, on the whole, too much aware of them. We are each other's best friend. She calls me Buddy, in memory of a boy who was formerly her best friend. The other Buddy died in the 1880's, when she was still a child. She is still a child.

"I knew it before I got out of bed," she says, turning away from

the window with a purposeful excitement in her eyes. "The courthouse bell sounded so cold and clear. And there were no birds singing; they've gone to warmer country, yes indeed. Oh, Buddy, stop stuffing biscuit and fetch our buggy. Help me find my hat. We've thirty cakes to bake."

It's always the same: a morning arrives in November, and my friend, as though officially inaugurating the Christmas time of year that exhilarates her imagination and fuels the blaze of her heart, announces: "It's fruitcake weather! Fetch our buggy. Help me find my hat."

The hat is found, a straw cartwheel corsaged with velvet roses out-of-doors has faded: it once belonged to a more fashionable relative. Together, we guide our buggy, a dilapidated baby carriage, out to the garden and into a grove of pecan trees. The buggy is mine; that is, it was bought for me when I was born. It is made of wicker, rather unraveled, and the wheels wobble like a drunkard's legs. But it is a faithful object; springtimes, we take it to the woods and fill it with flowers, herbs, wild fern for our porch pots; in the summer, we pile it with picnic paraphernalia and sugar-cane fishing poles and roll it down to the edge of a creek; it has its winter uses, too: as a truck for hauling firewood from the yard to the kitchen, as a warm bed for Queenie, our tough little orange and white rat terrier who has survived distemper and two rattlesnake bites. Queenie is trotting beside it now.

Three hours later we are back in the kitchen hulling a heaping buggyload of windfall pecans. Our backs hurt from gathering them: how hard they were to find (the main crop having been shaken off the trees and sold by the orchard's owners, who are not us) among the concealing leaves, the frosted, deceiving grass. Caarackle! A cheery crunch, scraps of miniature thunder sound as the shells collapse and the golden mound of sweet oily ivory meat mounts in the milk-glass bowl. Queenie begs to taste, and now and again my friend sneaks her a mite, though insisting we deprive ourselves. "We mustn't, Buddy.

If we start, we won't stop. And there's scarcely enough as there is. For thirty cakes." The kitchen is growing dark. Dusk turns the window into a mirror: our reflections mingle with the rising moon as we work by the fireside in the firelight. At last, when the moon is quite high, we toss the final hull into the fire and, with joined sighs, watch it catch flame. The buggy is empty, the bowl is brimful.

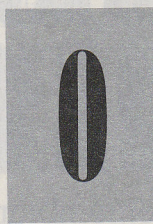
We eat our supper (cold biscuits, bacon, blackberry jam) and discuss tomorrow. Tomorrow the kind of work I like best begins: buying. Cherries and citron, ginger and vanilla and canned Hawaiian pineapple, rinds and raisins and walnuts and whiskey and oh, so much flour, butter, so many eggs, spices, flavorings: why, we'll need a pony to pull the buggy home.

But before these purchases can be made, there is the question of money. Neither of us has any. Except for skinflint sums persons in the house occasionally provide (a dime is considered very big money); or what we earn ourselves from various activities: holding rummage sales, selling buckets of hand-picked blackberries, jars of homemade jam and apple jelly and peach preserves, rounding up flowers for funerals and weddings. Once we won seventy-ninth prize, five dollars, in a national football contest. Not that we know a fool thing about football. It's just that we enter any contest we hear about: at the moment our hopes are centered on the fifty-thousand-dollar Grand Prize being offered to name a new brand of coffee (we suggested "A.M."; and, after some hesitation, for my friend thought it perhaps sacrilegious, the slogan "A.M.! Amen!"). To tell the truth, our only *really* profitable enterprise was the Fun and Freak Museum we conducted in a back-yard woodshed two summers ago. The Fun was a stereopticon with slide views of Washington and New York lent us by a relative who had been to those places (she was furious when she discovered why we'd borrowed it); the Freak was a three-legged biddy chicken hatched by one of our own hens. Everybody hereabouts wanted to see that biddy: we charged grownups a nickel, kids two cents. And took in a good twenty dollars before the museum shut down due to the decease of the main attraction.

But one way or another we do each year accumulate Christmas savings, a Fruitcake Fund. These moneys we keep hidden in an ancient bead purse under a loose board under the floor under a chamber pot under my friend's bed. The purse is seldom removed from this safe location except to make a deposit, or, as happens every Saturday, a withdrawal; for on Saturdays I am allowed ten cents to go to the picture show. My friend has never been to a picture show, nor does she intend to: "I'd rather hear you tell the story, Buddy. That way I can imagine it more. Besides, a person my age shouldn't squander their eyes. When the Lord comes, let me see him clear." In addition to never having seen a movie, she has never: eaten in a restaurant, traveled more than five miles from home, received or sent a telegram, read anything except funny papers and the Bible, worn cosmetics, cursed, wished someone harm, told a lie on purpose, let a hungry dog go hungry. Here are a few things she has done, does do: killed with a hoe the biggest rattlesnake every seen in this county (sixteen rattles), dip snuff (secretly), tame hummingbirds (just try it) till they balance on her finger, tell ghost stories (we both believe in ghosts) so tingling they chill you in July, talk to herself, take walks in the rain, grow the prettiest japonicas in town, know the recipe for every sort of old-time Indian cure, including a magical wart-remover.

Now, with supper finished, we retire to the room in a faraway part of the house where my friend sleeps in a scrap-quilt-covered iron bed painted rose pink, her favorite color. Silently, wallowing in the pleasures of conspiracy, we take the bead purse from its secret place and spill its contents on the scrap quilt. Dollar bills, tightly rolled and green as May buds. Somber fifty-cent pieces, heavy enough to weight a dead man's eyes. Lovely dimes, the

liveliest coin, the one that really jingles. Nickels and quarters, worn smooth as creek pebbles. But mostly a hateful heap of bitter-odored pennies. Last summer others in the house contracted to pay us a penny for every twenty-five flies we killed. Oh, the carnage of August: the flies that flew to heaven! Yet it was not work in which we took pride. And, as we sit counting pennies, it is as though we were back tabulating dead flies. Neither of us has a head for figures; we count slowly, lose track, start again. According to her calculations, we have \$12.73. According to mine, exactly \$13. "I do hope you're wrong, Buddy. We can't mess around with thirteen. The cakes will fall. Or put somebody in the cemetery. Why, I wouldn't dream of getting out of bed on the thirteenth." This is true: she always spends thirteenths in bed. So, to be on the safe side, we subtract a penny and toss it out the window.



If the ingredients that go into our fruitcakes, whiskey is the most expensive, as well as the hardest to obtain: State laws forbid its sale. But everybody knows you can buy a bottle from Mr. Haha Jones. And the next day, having completed our more prosaic shopping, we set out for Mr. Haha's business address, a "sinful" (to quote public opinion) fish-fry and dancing café down by the river. We've been there before, and on the same errand; but in previous years our dealings have been with Haha's wife, an iodine-dark Indian woman with brassy peroxidized hair and a dead-tired disposition. Actually, we've never laid eyes on her husband, though we've heard that he's an Indian too. A giant with razor scars across his cheeks. They call him Haha because he's so gloomy, a man who never laughs. As we approach his café (a large log cabin festooned inside and out with chains of garish-gay naked light bulbs and standing by the river's muddy edge under the shade of river trees where moss drifts through the branches like gray mist) our steps slow down. Even Queenie stops prancing and sticks close by. People have been murdered in Haha's café. Cut to pieces. Hit on the head. There's a case coming up in court next month. Naturally these goings-on happen at night when the colored lights cast crazy patterns and the victrola wails. In the daytime Haha's is shabby and deserted. I knock at the door. Queenie barks, my friend calls: "Mrs. Haha, ma'am? Anyone to home?"

Footsteps. The door opens. Our hearts overturn. It's Mr. Haha Jones himself! And he *is* a giant; he *does* have scars; he *doesn't* smile. No, he glowers at us through Satan-tilted eyes and demands to know: "What you want with Haha?"

For a moment we are too paralyzed to tell. Presently my friend half-finds her voice, a whispery voice at best: "If you please, Mr. Haha, we'd like a quart of your finest whiskey."

His eyes tilt more. Would you believe it? Haha is smiling! Laughing, too. "Which one of you is a drinkin' man?"

"It's for making fruitcakes, Mr. Haha. Cooking."

This sobers him. He frowns. "That's no way to waste good whiskey." Nevertheless, he retreats into the shadowed café and seconds later appears carrying a bottle of daisy yellow unlabeled liquor. He demonstrates its sparkle in the sunlight and says: "Two dollars."

We pay him with nickels and dimes and pennies. Suddenly, jangling the coins in his hand like a fistful of dice, his face softens. "Tell you what," he proposes, pouring the money back into our bead purse, "just send me one of them fruitcakes instead."

"Well," my friend remarks on our way home, "There's a lovely man. We'll put an extra cup of raisins in *his* cake."

The black stove, stoked with coal and firewood, glows like a lighted pumpkin. Eggbeaters whirl, spoons spin round in bowls of butter and sugar, vanilla sweetens the air, ginger spices it; melting, nose-tingling odors saturate the kitchen, suffuse the

house, drift out to the world on puffs of chimney smoke. In four days our work is done. Thirty-one cakes, dampened with whiskey, bask on window sills and shelves.

Who are they for?

Friends. Not necessarily neighbor friends: indeed, the larger share are intended for persons we've met maybe once, perhaps not at all. People who've struck our fancy. Like President Roosevelt. Like the Reverend and Mrs. J.C. Lucey, Baptist missionaries to Borneo who lectured here last winter. Or the little knife grinder who comes through town twice a year. Or Abner Packer, the driver of the six o'clock bus from Mobile, who exchanges waves with us every day as he passes in a dust-cloud whoosh. Or the young Wistons, a California couple whose car one afternoon broke down outside the house and who spent a pleasant hour chatting with us on the porch (young Mr. Wiston snapped our picture, the only one we've ever had taken). Is it because my friend is shy with everyone *except* strangers that these strangers, and merest acquaintances, seem to us our truest friends? I think yes. Also, the scrapbooks we keep of thank-you's on White House stationery, time-to-time communications from California and Borneo, the knife grinder's penny post cards, make us feel connected to eventful worlds beyond the kitchen with its view of a sky that stops.

Now a nude December fig branch grates against the window. The kitchen is empty, the cakes are gone; yesterday we carted the last of them to the post office, where the cost of stamps turned our purse inside out. We're broke. That rather depresses me, but my friend insists on celebrating — with two inches of whiskey left in Haha's bottle. Queenie has a spoonful in a bowl of coffee (she likes her coffee chicory-flavored and strong). The rest we divide between a pair of jelly glasses. We're both quite awed at the prospect of drinking straight whiskey; the taste of it brings screwed-up expressions and sour shudders. But by and by we begin to sing, the two of us singing different songs simultaneously. I don't know the words to mine, just: *Come on along, come on along, to the dark-town strutters' ball*. But I can dance: that's what I mean to be, a tap dancer in the movies. My dancing shadow rollicks on the walls; our voices rock the chinaware; we giggle: as if unseen hands were tickling us. Queenie rolls on her back, her paws plow the air, something like a grin stretches her black lips. Inside myself, I feel warm and sparky as those crumbling logs, carefree as the wind in the chimney. My friend waltzes round the stove, the hem of her poor calico skirt pinched between her fingers as though it were a party dress: *Show me the way to go home*, she sings, her tennis shoes squeaking on the floor. *Show me the way to go home*.

Enter: two relatives. Very angry. Potent with eyes that scold, tongues that scald. Listen to what they have to say, the words tumbling together into a wrathful tune: "A child of seven! whiskey on his breath! are you out of your mind? feeding a child of seven! must be loony! road to ruin! remember Cousin Kate? Uncle Charlie? Uncle Charlie's brother-in-law? shame! scandal! humiliation! kneel, pray, beg the Lord!"

Queenie sneaks under the stove. My friend gazes at her shoes, her chin quivers, she lifts her skirt and blows her nose and runs to her room. Long after the town has gone to sleep and the house is silent except for chiming of clocks and the sputter of fading fires, she is weeping into a pillow already as wet as a widow's handkerchief.

"Don't cry," I say, sitting at the bottom of her bed and shivering despite my flannel nightgown that smells of last winter's cough syrup, "don't cry," I beg, teasing her toes, tickling her feet, "you're too old for that."

"It's because," she hiccups, "I *am* too old. Old and funny."

"Not funny. Fun. More fun than anybody. Listen. If you don't stop crying you'll be so tired tomorrow we can't go cut a tree."

She straightens up. Queenie jumps on the bed (where

Queenie is not allowed) to lick her cheeks. "I know where we'll find real pretty trees, Buddy. And holly, too. With berries big as your eyes. It's way off in the woods. Farther than we've ever been. Papa used to bring us Christmas trees from there: carry them on his shoulder. That's fifty years ago. Well, now: I can't wait for morning."

Morning. Frozen rime lusters the grass; the sun, round as an orange and orange as hot-weather moons, balances on the horizon, burnishes the silvered winter woods. A wild turkey calls. A renegade hog grunts in the undergrowth. Soon, by the edge of knee-deep, rapid-running water, we have to abandon the buggy. Queenie wades the stream first, paddles across barking complaints at the swiftness of the current, the pneumonia-making coldness of it. We follow, holding our shoes and equipment (a hatchet, a burlap sack) above our heads. A mile more: of chastising thorns, burs and briars that catch at our clothes; of rusty pine needles brilliant with gaudy fungus and molted feathers. Here, there, a flash, a flutter, an ecstasy of shrillings remind us that not all the birds have flown south. Always, the path unwinds through lemony sun pools and pitch vine tunnels. Another creek to cross: a disturbed armada of speckled trout froths the water round us, and frogs the size of plates practice belly flops; beaver workmen are building a dam. On the farther shore, Queenie shakes herself and trembles. My friend shivers, too: not with cold but enthusiasm. One of her hat's ragged roses sheds a petal as she lifts her head and inhales the pine-heavy air. "We're almost there; can you smell it, Buddy?" she says, as though we were approaching an ocean.

And, indeed, it is a kind of ocean. Scented areas of holiday trees, prickly-leaved holly. Red berries shiny as Chinese bells: black crows swoop upon them screaming. Having stuffed our burlap sacks with enough greenery and crimson to garland a dozen windows, we set about choosing a tree. "It should be," muses my friend, "twice as tall as a boy. So a boy can't steal the star." The one we pick is twice as tall as me. A brave handsome brute that survives thirty hatchet strokes before it keels with a creaking rending cry. Lugging it like a kill, we commence the long trek out. Every few yards we abandon the struggle, sit down and pant. But we have the strength of triumphant huntsmen; that and the tree's virile, icy perfume revive us, goad us on. Many compliments accompany our sunset return along the red clay road to town; but my friend is sly and noncommittal when passers-by praise the treasure perched in our buggy: what a fine tree and where did it come from? "Yonderways," she murmurs vaguely. Once a car stops and the rich mill owner's lazy wife leans out and whines: "Giveya two-bits cash for that ol tree." Ordinarily my friend is afraid of saying no; but on this occasion she promptly shakes her head: "We wouldn't take a dollar." The mill owner's wife persists. "A dollar, my foot! fifty cents. That's my last offer. Goodness, woman, you can get another one." In answer, my friend gently reflects: "I doubt it. There's never two of anything."

Home: Queenie slumps by the fire and sleeps till tomorrow, snoring loud as a human.

A trunk in the attic contains: a shoebox of ermine tails (off the opera cape of a curious lady who once rented a room in the house), coils of frazzled tinsel gone gold with age, one silver star, a brief rope of dilapidated, undoubtedly dangerous candy-like light bulbs. Excellent decorations, as far as they go, which isn't far enough: my friend wants our tree to blaze "like a Baptist window," droop with weighty snows of ornament. But we can't afford the made-in-Japan splendors at the five-and-dime. So we do what we've always done: sit for days at the kitchen table with scissors and crayons and stacks of colored paper. I make

sketches and my friend cuts them out: lots of cats, fish too (because they're easy to draw), some apples, some watermelons, a few winged angels devised from saved-up sheets of Hershey-bar tin foil. We use safety pins to attach these creations to the tree; as a final touch, we sprinkle the branches with shredded cotton (picked in August for this purpose). My friend, surveying the effort, clasps her hands together. "Now honest, Buddy. Doesn't it look good enough to eat?" Queenie tries to eat an angel.

After weaving and ribboning holly wreaths for all the front windows, our next project is the fashioning of family gifts. Tie-dye scarves for the ladies, for the men a home-brewed lemon and licorice and aspirin syrup to be taken "at the first Symptoms of a Cold and after Hunting." But when it comes time for making each other's gift, my friend and I separate to work secretly. I would like to buy her a pearl-handled knife, a radio, a whole pound of chocolate-covered cherries (we tasted some once and she always swears: "I could live on them, Buddy, Lord yes I could — and that's not taking His name in vain"). Instead, I am building her a kite. She would like to give me a bicycle (she's said so on several million occasions: "If only I could, Buddy. It's bad enough in life to do without something *you* want; but confound it, what gets my goat is not being able to give somebody something you want *them* to have. Only one of these days I will, Buddy. Locate you a bike. Don't ask me how. Steal it, maybe"). Instead, I'm fairly certain that she is building me a kite — the same as last year, and the year before: the year before that we exchanged slingshots. All of which is fine by me. For we are champion kite-fliers who study the wind like sailors; my friend, more accomplished than I, can get a kit aloft when there isn't enough breeze to carry clouds.

Christmas Eve afternoon we scape together a nickel and go to the butcher's to buy Queenie's traditional gift, a good gnawable beef bone. The bone, wrapped in funny paper, is placed high in the tree near the silver star. Queenie knows it's there. She squats at the foot of the tree staring up in a trance of greed: when bedtime arrives she refuses to budge. Her excitement is equaled by my own. I kick the covers and turn my pillow as though it were a scorching summer's night. Somewhere a rooster crows: falsely, for the sun is still on the other side of the world.

"Buddy, are you awake?" It is my friend, calling from her room, which is next to mine; and an instant later she is sitting on my bed holding a candle. "Well, I can't sleep a hoot," she declares. "My mind's jumping like a jack rabbit. Buddy, do you think Mrs. Roosevelt will serve our cake at dinner?" We huddle in the bed, and she squeezes my hand I-love-you. "Seems like your hand used to be so much smaller. I guess I hate to see you grow up. When you're grown up, will we still be friends?" I say always. "But I feel so bad, Buddy. I wanted so bad to give you a bike. I tried to sell my cameo Papa gave me. Buddy—" she hesitates, as though embarrassed—"I made you another kite." Then I confess that I made her one, too; and we laugh. The candle burns too short to hold. Out it goes, exposing the starlight, the stars spinning at the window like a visible caroling that slowly, slowly daybreak silences. Possibly we doze; but the beginnings of dawn splash us like cold water; we're up, wide-eyed and wandering while we wait for others to waken. Quite deliberately my friend drops a kettle on the kitchen floor. I tap-dance in front of closed doors. One by one the household emerges, looking as though they'd like to kill us both: but it's Christmas, so they can't. First, a gorgeous breakfast: just everything you can imagine — from flapjacks and fried squirrel to hominy grits and honey-in-the-comb. Which puts everyone in a good humor except my friend and I. Frankly, we're so impatient to get at the presents we can't eat a mouthful.

Well, I'm disappointed. Who wouldn't be? With socks, a Sunday school shirt, some handkerchiefs, a hand-me-down sweater and a year's subscription to a religious magazine for children. *The Little Shepherd*. It makes me boil. It really does.

My friend has a better haul. A sack of Satsumas, that's her best present. She is proudest, however, of a white wool shawl knitted by her married sister. But she *says* her favorite gift is the kite I built her. And it *is* very beautiful; though not as beautiful as the one she made me, which is blue and scattered with gold and green Good Conduct stars; moreover, my name is painted on it, "Buddy."

"Buddy, the wind is blowing."

The wind is blowing, and nothing will do till we've run to a pasture below the house where Queenie has scooted to bury her bone (and where, a winter hence, Queenie will be buried, too.) There, plunging through the healthy waist-high grass, we unreel our kites, feel them twitching at the string like sky fish as they swim into the wind. Satisfied, sun-warmed, we sprawl in the grass and peel Satsumas and watch our kites cavort. Soon I forget the socks and hand-me-down sweater. I'm as happy as if we'd already won the fifty-thousand-dollar Grand Prize in that coffee-naming contest.

"My, how foolish I am!" my friend cries, suddenly alert, like a woman remembering too late she has biscuits in the oven. "You know what I've always thought?" she asks in a tone of discovery, and not smiling at me but a point beyond. "I've always thought a body would have to be sick and dying before they saw the Lord. And I imagined that when He came it would be like looking at the Baptist window: pretty as colored glass with the sun pouring through, such a shine you don't know it's getting dark. And it's been a comfort: to think of that shine taking away all the spooking feeling. But I'll wager it never happens. I'll wager at the very end a body realizes the Lord has already shown Himself. That things as they are" — her hand circles in a gesture that gathers clouds and kites and grass and Queenie pawing earth over her bone — "just what they've always seen, was seeing Him. As for me, I could leave the world with today in my eyes."



his is our last Christmas together. Life separates us. Those who Know Best decide that I belong in a military school. And so follows a miserable succession of bugle-blowing prisons, grim reveille-ridden summer camps. I have a new home too. But it doesn't count. Home is where my friend is, and there I never go. And there she remains, puttering around the kitchen. Alone with Queenie. Then alone. ("Buddy dear," she writes in her wild hard-to-read script, "yesterday Jim Macy's horse kicked Queenie bad. Be thankful she didn't feel much. I wrapped her in a Fine Linen sheet and rode her in the buggy down to Simpson's pasture where she can be with all her Bones..."). For a few Novembers she continues to bake her fruitcakes single-handed; not as many, but some: and, of course, she always sends me "the best of the batch." Also, in every letter she encloses a dime wadded in toilet paper: "See a picture show and write me the story." But gradually in her letters she tends to confuse me with her other friend, the Buddy who died in the 1880's; more and more thirteenth are not the only days she stays in bed: a morning arrives in November, a leafless birdless coming of winter morning, when she cannot rouse herself to exclaim: "Oh my, it's fruitcake weather!"

And when that happens, I know it. A message saying so merely confirms a piece of news some secret vein had already received, severing from me an irreplaceable part of myself, letting it loose like a kite on a broken string. That is why, walking across a school campus on this particular December morning, I keep searching the sky. As if I expected to see, rather like hearts, a lost pair of kites hurrying toward heaven.

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Pennsylvania
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DRIVER'S LICENSE

035



ORGAN DONOR

S ROBERT POWELL
R D 1 BOX 40
CARBONDALE PA 18407

No: **12 164 862** Dups: **00**

DOB: **12/12/1943** Sex: **M**

Class: **C** Eyes: **BRO**

Endorse: **----** Height: **6'03"**

Com/Med Rstr: ***/***

Issued: **10/14/2005**

Expires: **12/13/2009**

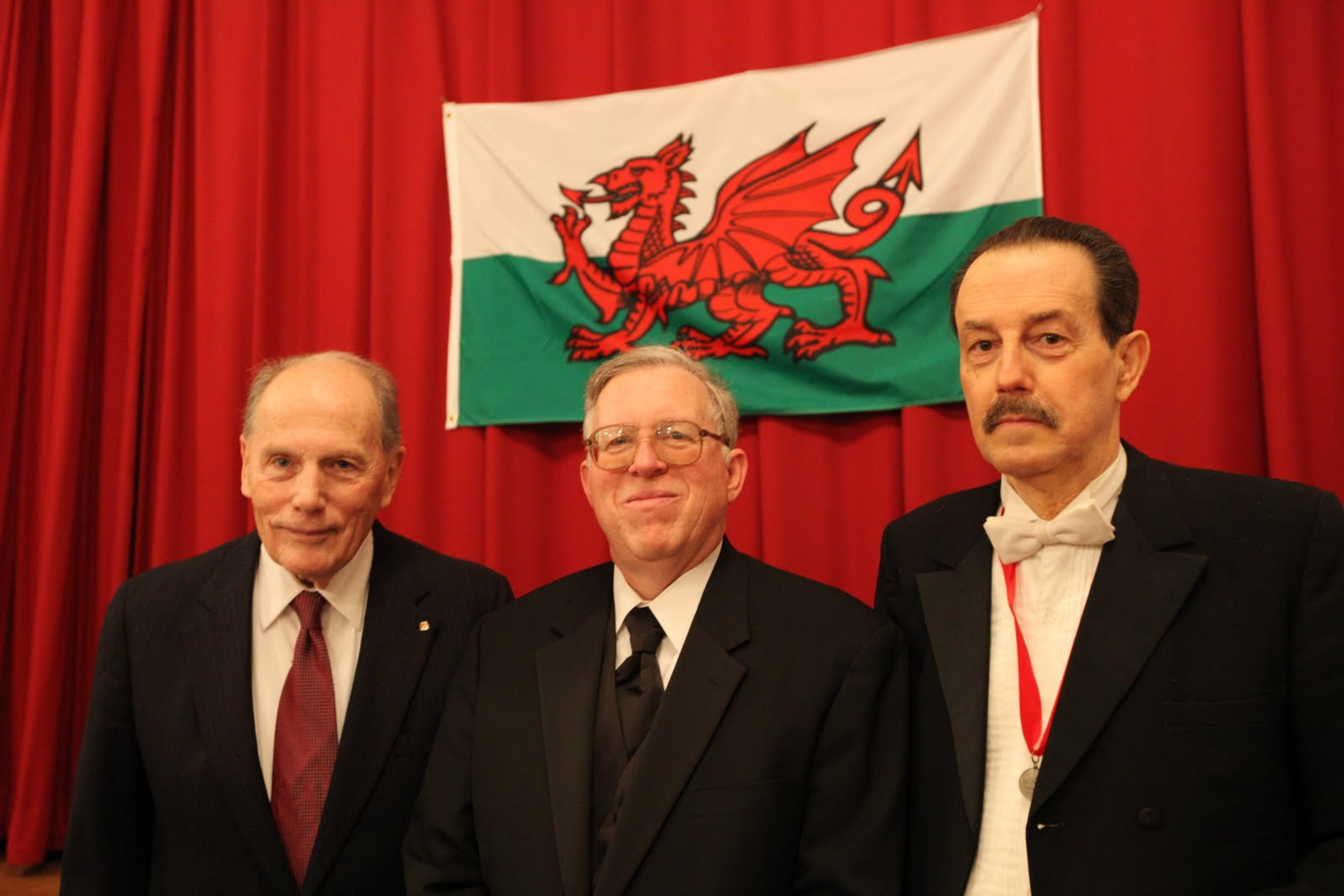
S Robert Powell

















ADMIT ONE

Nº

787

to

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

June 12, 1965

**College of Arts and Architecture, College of Business
Administration, College of Education, College of Health and
Physical Education, College of the Liberal Arts**

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY

Recreation Building

2:00 p.m.

**In case of rain, admission by ticket only until 1:50
when remaining seats will be available to the public.**



COMMENCEMENT

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1965

10:30 A.M.

BEAVER STADIUM

PROGRAM

PRESIDENT ERIC ARTHUR WALKER, B.S., S.M., Sc.D., LL.D., L.H.D., Litt.D.

Presiding

Prelude—*Fugue in B Minor*
Introduction and Toccata
Voluntary for a Festal Occasion

by J. S. Bach
by William Walond
by Alan Bush

Academic Processional

by George E. Ceiga

LEONARD F. RAVEN, B.Mus., M.Mus., D.S.Mus.
Associate Professor of Music

Invocation

CLIFFORD A. NELSON, B.S., M.S.
Coordinator of Religious Affairs

Welcome

JOHN R. RACKLEY, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.
Vice-President for Resident Instruction

Conferring of Degrees and Presentation of Commissions

Roger W. Rowland
President of the Board of Trustees
Eric A. Walker
President of the University

Advanced Degrees
Baccalaureate Degrees
Commissions
U.S. Army
U.S. Navy
U.S. Air Force
Associate Degrees

Presentation of Scholastic Honors

Presentation of Awards

Charge to the Graduates

President Walker

Alma Mater

Words on opposite page

The audience is asked to join in the singing.

Benediction

Recessional

The audience will please remain seated.

NOTE: The flowers were grown and arranged by the Department of Horticulture.

College of Education

The candidates will be presented by
DEAN ABRAM W. VANDERMEER, M.A., Ph.D.

BACHELOR OF ARTS

ART EDUCATION

Annette Marie Sady, 1 *
Joan Marie Skordy, 2
Barbara Jean Wilson, 3

MUSIC EDUCATION

Ronald Dale Livingston, 4

REHABILITATION EDUCATION

Rose Lorraine Bittner, 5
Mary Jane Matthews, 6
Carol Jean Page, 7

SECONDARY EDUCATION

Nancy Lee Ayers, 8
Siegfried Erich Boettjer, 9

Ronald Lee Chapman, 10
Arlene Hinda Cohen, 11
Kathleen Seton Connors, 12
Maurice James Coyle, 13
Michael George Daniels, 14
Miriam Louise Doeblor, 15
Sandra Lynn Faber, 16
Warren G. George, 17
Myrna Hope Goldberg, 18
Harriet Rachel Israelow Goldner, 19
Elaine Hekeler, 20
Joanne Mary Lantosh, 21
Judith Marian Leitzow, 22
Edward Vincent MacArthur, 23
John Joseph Mahon, 24
Mary Jane Mahoney, 25
Danny Martin Mitchell, 26
Gale Sanders Molovinsky, 27
Antonia Marie Mullen, 28
Elizabeth Anne O'Shea, 29

Bernice Frances Paradise, 30
Linda Louise Pavian, 31
David Harry Perez, 32
Philip Francis Petrone, 33
Silas Robert Powell, 35
Karen Lorraine Ricketts, 36
Murray Benjamin Rosen, 37
Joy Sabella, 38
Suzanne Marley Saxton, 39
Linda Rose Shannon, 40
Malcolm Arthur Shreibman, 41
Michael Kenneth Simmons, 42
John Wilson Stauffer, 43
David George Thomas, 44
Donald LeRoy Tyler, 45
Joseph Francis Vargo, 46
Allyn Sue VonNieda, 47
Joelle Alexis Wallen, 48
Laurence Carter Wright, 49
Sandra Lee Zimmerman, 50

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE

ART EDUCATION

Marianna Alderfer, 51
Margaret Anne Allen, 52
Sandra Carol Barter, 53
Francine Gail Bell, 54
Bettina Gayle Borden, 55
Virginia Louise Campbell, 56
Marcia Irene Clauser, 57
Mary Margaret Council, 58
Polly Gene Curry, 59
Kenneth Edward Getschow, II, 60
Karen Marie Guyton, 61
Lynn Diane Hall, 62

Pauline Elaine Keister, 63
Pamela Ann Kern, 64
Diana Mae Kisinger, 65
Marjorie Belle Levy, 66
Mary Jo McCartney, 67
Thomas Linn McClay, 68
Theodore Cosmo Mannino, 69
Marilyn Jean Nielsen, 70
Karen Sue Oberg, 71
Mary Abigail O'Donnell, 72
Irene Carol O'Hara, 73
Linda Ilene Polfus, 74
Carol Aileen Ruby, 75
Muriel Margaret Smith, 76

David Joseph Spearly, 77
Frank Frederick Steiner, 78
Bruce James Storm, 79
Elizabeth Joan Sacca Streater, 80
Beverly Anne Tuscher, 81
James Thompson Watts, 82
Sandra Elaine Wengryn, 83

BUSINESS EDUCATION

Doris June Beaver, B.S., *The Pennsylvania State University*, 84
Lynn Roberta Carson, 85

* Diploma number.

POWELL

SILAS ROBERT

PAGE 1 OF 2

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY

UNIVERSITY PARK, PENNSYLVANIA

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR

ACADEMIC RECORD

STUDENT NAME

7433-61-01

ED - SECONDARY

STUDENT NUMBER

CURRICULUM

R D 1
CARBONDALE PA

DECEMBER 12, 1943

CARBONDALE PA

DATE OF BIRTH

PLACE OF BIRTH

ADMITTED
FROMFELL TWP JR SR HS
SIMPSON PA

DATE: FALL 1961

COURSE	NO.	TITLE	CREDIT	GRADE	GRADE PTS.	COURSE	NO.	TITLE	CREDIT	GRADE	GRADE PTS.
FALL TERM 1961						FALL TERM 1963					
ARMY	1	PRIN WAR AM CMPG 1	1.0	C	2.0	FR	301	ADV GRAM + CONVER	3.0	C	6.0
EDSER	10	COLLEGE ORIENT	0.0	P	0.0	PSY	13	DEVELPM PSYCHOL	3.0	W	0.0
PSY	2	PSYCHOLOGY	3.0	C	6.0	RUS	1	ELEMENTARY RUSSIAN	3.0	B	9.0
ENGL	1	COMP AND RHETORIC	3.0	C	6.0	PH SC	7	PHYSICAL SCIENCE	3.0	A	12.0
SOC	1	INTROD SOCIOLOGY	3.0	C	6.0	ARMY	4	LAND NAVIGATION	1.0	C	2.0
TERM	2.00	10.0 20.0 CUM 2.00	10.0		20.0	TERM	2.90	10.0 29.0 CUM 3.04	71.0		216.0
WINTER TERM 1962						WINTER TERM 1964					
ARMY	2	PRIN WAR AM CMPG 2	1.0	C	2.0	SECD	443	READ PRBL SEC SCHL	3.0	A	12.0
FR	1R	ELEM FRENCH	4.0	B	12.0	FR	302	ADV GRAM + CONVER	3.0	B	9.0
HIST	21	U S SINCE 1865	3.0	B	9.0	FR	421	TCHNG ROMANCE LANG	3.0	B	9.0
MUSIC	5	FUND MUSIC APPREC	3.0	C	6.0	RUS	2	ELEMENTARY RUSSIAN	3.0	B	9.0
PH ED	1	HEALTH + PH ED	1.0	A	4.0	TERM	3.25	12.0 39.0 CUM 3.07	83.0		255.0
TERM	2.75	12.0 33.0 CUM 2.41	22.0		53.0	SPRING TERM 1964					
ARMY	3	ARMY ORGANIZATION	1.0	B	3.0	EDPSY	14	EDUCATIONAL PSY	3.0	C	6.0
FR	2R	ELEM FRENCH	4.0	A	16.0	FR	311	PHONETICS + CONVER	3.0	D	3.0
PHIL	4	PHIL PRESENT AGE	3.0	A	12.0	FR	490	ADV COMP + CONVER	3.0	C	6.0
PL SC	3	GOVT + POL MOD SOC	3.0	B	9.0	RUS	3	INTERMED RUSSIAN	3.0	C	6.0
PH ED	3	HEALTH + PH ED	1.0	B	3.0	TERM	1.75	12.0 21.0 CUM 2.91	95.0		276.0
TERM	3.58	12.0 43.0 CUM 2.82	34.0		96.0	SUMMER TERM 1964					
CORRES 1-4-63						ENGL	19	GREAT BOOKS AM LIT	3.0	A	12.0
PL SC	10	AMER NATL GOVT	3.0	A	12.0	FR	471	PROB IN FR LIT	3.0	B	9.0
		CUM 2.92 37.0	108.0			PSY	13	DEVELPM PSYCHOL	3.0	C	6.0
WINTER TERM 1963						BI SC	1	BIOLOGICAL SCIENCE	3.0	B	9.0
ARMY	5	TACTICS	1.0	C	2.0	TERM	3.00	12.0 36.0 CUM 2.92	107.0		312.0
ENGL	3	EXPOSITION	3.0	B	9.0	FALL TERM 1964					
FR	30	INTERMED FRENCH	4.0	B	12.0	FR	53	SURVEY IN FR LIT	3.0	B	9.0
MATH	8	ELEM MATH STAT	3.0	B	9.0	FR	451	19 CENT FR LIT	3.0	B	9.0
PH ED	3	HEALTH + PH ED	1.0	A	4.0	SPCH	200	EFFECTIVE SPEECH	3.0	B	9.0
TERM	3.00	12.0 36.0 CUM 2.94	49.0		144.0	BI SC	2	BIOLOGICAL SCIENCE	3.0	C	6.0
SPRING TERM 1963						TERM	2.75	12.0 33.0 CUM 2.90	119.0		345.0
ARMY	6	NATIONAL SECURITY	1.0	B	3.0	WINTER TERM 1965					
PH SC	8	PHYSICAL SCIENCE	3.0	A	12.0	SECD	331	PRACT STUDNT TCHNG	8.0	A	32.0
EDSER	115	ED IN AM SOCIETY	3.0	A	12.0	SECD	389	PROF ORIENT TCHER	2.0	A	8.0
G F S	15	SOCIAL USAGE	1.0	B	3.0	TERM	4.00	10.0 40.0 CUM 2.98	129.0		385.0
FR	54	SURVEY IN FR LIT	3.0	B	9.0						
PH ED	4	HEALTH + PH ED	1.0	A	4.0						
TERM	3.58	12.0 43.0 CUM 3.07	61.0		187.0						

ACTIONS:

B A CONFERRED
JUNE 12, 1965NCATE ACCRED PROG
REC CERT-FRENCH

GRADING SYMBOLS

AU - AUDIT	R - RESEARCH
A - 90-100	H - HONORS
B - 80-89	DF - DEFERRED
C - 70-79	P - PASS
D - 60-69	EX - CREDIT BY EXAM.
F - FAIL	W - WITHDREW

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SEAL

RECORDER

POWELL, SILAS ROBERT

STUDENT NAME

7433-61-01

STUDENT NUMBER

CURRICULUM

HOME ADDRESS

DATE OF BIRTH

PLACE OF BIRTH

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY

UNIVERSITY PARK, PENNSYLVANIA

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR

ACADEMIC RECORD

ENTRANCE
UNITS

ENGLISH

ALGEBRA

SO. GEOM.

PL. GEOM.

TRIG.

HISTORY

SCIENCE

FOR. LANG.

OTHER

H. S. RANK

ADMITTED
FROM

DATE:

COURSE	NO.	TITLE	CREDIT	GRADE	GRADE PTS.

COURSE	NO.	TITLE	CREDIT	GRADE	GRADE PTS.

ACTIONS:

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY
UNIVERSITY PARK, PENNA.

TERM GRADE REPORT

COURSE	NO.	TITLE	CREDITS	GRADE	GRADE PTS.
ART H	007	MODERN ART	3.0	B	9.0
SECED	451	SEC ED IN AMERICA	3.0	A	12.0
FR	426	RENAISSANCE LIT	3.0	A	12.0
DEANS LIST			TERM AVERAGE	3.67	9.0
			CUMULATIVE AVERAGE	3.03	138.0
					33.0
					418.0

GRADING SYSTEM

A- 90-100% 4 GRADE PTS./CR.
B- 80-89% 3 " " "
C- 70-79% 2 " " "
D- 60-69% 1 " " "
F- 0-59% 0 " " "

THE FOLLOWING HAVE NO
GRADE PTS. INVOLVED.

P- PASS AU- AUDIT
R- RESEARCH DF- DEFERRED
W- WITHDREW

NG-NO GRADE REPORTED

THE AVERAGE IS COMPUTED
BY DIVIDING THE TOTAL CREDITS
INTO THE TOTAL GRADE POINTS.IF THERE ARE ANY NG OR DF
GRADES THE AVERAGE CANNOT
BE COMPUTED AT THIS TIME.ROBERT G. BERNREUTER
Dean of Admissions and Registrar

FORM S6.6

GRADING SYMBOLS

A - 90-100 AU - Audit
B - 80-89 DF - Deferred
C - 70-79 P - Pass
D - 60-69 W - Withdrew
F - Fail

1 Credit = 1 Semester Hour

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SEAL

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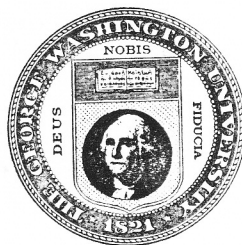
Reproduced on the following two pages are page one and portions of pages five and six of the booklet published by The George Washington University, Washington, DC which lists the names of those students who completed degree requirements during the Summer Sessions 1967 and upon whom degrees were conferred on September 30, 1967.

On that date, Silas Robert Powell was awarded the Master of Arts Degree.

The George Washington University

Degrees Conferred

September 30, 1967



Washington, D. C.

**Degrees Conferred upon Recommendation of the Faculty
of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences**

MASTER OF ARTS

Virginia Ames, District of Columbia Art History and Criticism A.B. 1964, Pennsylvania State University	Reubena Catherine Connaway, Virginia Speech Pathology and Audiology A.B. 1963, Westhampton College
Jere Broh-Kahn, Ohio Economics A.B. 1954, Harvard University	Andrew Lyman Cooley, Illinois History A.B. 1964, The George Washington University
Marilynn Henningsen Brown, Virginia Speech Pathology and Audiology A.B. 1946, University of Iowa	

[5]

Margaret Cannon Coons, Virginia Museology A.B. 1965, The George Washington University	Joseph Raymond Roberts, Pennsylvania Economics A.B. 1962, Pennsylvania State University
Amie Virginia Godman, Maryland French Language and Literature A.B. 1963, Hood College	George Mason Sanders, Missouri Psychology A.B. 1965, Washington and Lee University
Joyce Ann Killian Godwin, Florida Political Science A.B. 1965, Florida State University	Alfred Glaze Smith III, North Carolina Economics A.B. 1959, Columbia University
Judy Kay Jones, New Mexico American Literary and Cultural History A.B. 1964, University of Wyoming	Barbara Joyce Sowder, Maryland Anthropology A.B. 1966, The George Washington University
Hugo Arnold Keesing, Maryland Psychology B.S. 1965, Duke University	Jill Stormer, Maryland Speech Pathology and Audiology A.B. 1964, The George Washington University
Elyse Brauch Lehman, Virginia Psychology A.B. 1962, Douglass College	Carolyn Richmond Terry, Massachusetts Art History and Criticism A.B. 1950, University of California, Berkeley
Barbara Joan Meisler, Maryland Speech Pathology and Audiology A.B. 1965, The George Washington University	M.F.A. 1963, The George Washington University
Richard Francis Palazzolo, Maryland Economics A.B. 1962, St. Benedict's College	Le Manh Tri, Maryland Economics A.B. 1958, St. Anselm's College
✓ Silas Robert Powell, District of Columbia French Language and Literature A.B. 1965, Pennsylvania State University	Wiltrud Helene Wenniges, Virginia Economics Diploma 1958, Heidelberg University, Germany
David John Reimer, Virginia Psychology A.B. 1960, University of Puerto Rico	Peter Herman Zassenhaus, Maryland Economics A.B. 1964, Brandeis University

The George Washington University

in virtue of authority granted by

The United States of America

has conferred upon

Silas Robert Powell

the Degree of
Master of Arts

together with all the Honors, Rights and Privileges belonging to that Degree.
In Witness Whereof, this Diploma is granted bearing the seal of the University

Given at Washington in the District of Columbia this thirtieth day
of September in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and sixty-seven

Arthur E. Burns
Graduate School of Arts and Sciences



Lloyd H. Elliott
President of the University

M.A. degree in French awarded to Powell

S. Robert Powell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Powell, RD Carbondale, recently completed the requirements for the Master of Arts degree in French at Indiana University.

Mr. Powell, a Fell Township High School graduate, received a Bachelor of Arts degree in languages from Pennsylvania State University, and attended George Washington University in Washington, D.C.

He is now teaching at Indiana University and working on a doctorate there.



Indiana University

Office of the Registrar

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that S. Robert Powell

received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, French

from this University August 31, 1974

Warren W. Shurey
Registrar, Indiana University

The column "Dishin the Dirt" that is given below appeared in The Scrantonian (Sunday, July 21, 1974, p. 56). An original copy of that column was given to SRP by HLRP during the summer of 1974--it is from that original copy that the copy that is given below was made. Contained in the newspaper column in question are three items of interest: one about The Homestead Golf Course, one about SRP, one about Lakeland Golf Course.

56—Sun., July 21, 1974

Dishin' the Dirt

The University of Scranton, true to tradition, went out of town to hire an athletic director to replace the one they brought in from Rochester in 1968 * * * At the rate reservations are being made, the 1974 Area Hall of Fame dinner Sept. 22 at the Scranton Elks Club will be a complete sellout a month before the event * * * Big John Schmelfenig, the all-sports official, set some sort of a record at the Federal Bowling League clambake at McDonnell's Grove when he scored nine straight ringers while posting a 24-1 record in quoit competition * * * Scrantonian-Tribune League bowlers Irene Sherbinko, Lee Chobey and Louise Kranick watched all the big ones get away during their annual fishing trip to the Bernice and Stanley Zelno estate at Perth, Ontario, Canada * * * Ed 'Red' Coleman, the ex-University of Scranton coach who ranked as one of the region's top basketball officials for many years, is a surgical patient at Mercy Hospital; also in the Mercy is another ex-basketball official, Ward Stein, who worked in the old State League when the pros played inside nets * * * Elmhurst Country Club will host the annual golf tournament sponsored by the Lackawanna Bar Association Friday, Aug. 16; District Attorney Paul Mazzoni is listed as one of the early favorites * * * Art Johnson, the general manager of the Shamrock Racing Association currently running at Pocono Downs, visited New York with his family for the first time last Wednesday; they watched the Yankees lose to Texas at Shea Stadium and enjoyed every minute of their stay; they hail from New Mexico * * * Talkative Muhammad Ali, the ex-heavyweight champion, made a profit of some \$73,000 when he sold his Cherry Hill home last week; he bought it for \$102,000 back in 1971 and sold it for \$175,000.

Providence jeweler Pete Putirskas, who passed away last week, was an avid follower and sponsor of all sports * * * Nick Bisignani, for years the top lefthanded bowler around, enters Moses Taylor Hospital for surgery today * * * Providence barber Tony Pulice, the fight fan de luxe, selling his shop and going into retirement; he plans to take up the old man's game, golf * * * The Walter Powells, owners of the Homestead and Lakeland golf courses, thrilled with the news that their son, Robert, graduated magna cum laude from Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, where he received his Ph.D.; he majored in French * * * Bob Brazen, the talented WICK sportscaster, would like a turn at judging the CYC pro fights; he's a regular at all the shows * * * Former sandlotter Lou 'Vito' Guliani, comanager of the All-Hyde Park baseball team, observed another birthday Saturday and was presented a cake at Cadden's Adams Ave. oasis * * * Robert Latzo, Jr., 11-year old member of the famous Latzo clan, will spend a month in England this summer touring with the Pocono chorus; his dad was Bob, the late state policeman while his grandfather was Mike, the late boxing promoter and manager * * * Bowler-golfer Frank Hicks missing from the sports scene these days while he comforts his ailing mom * * * Dickson City Tony Gallis, the ex-fighter and softball ace, is spending his time these days following the exploits of Tony, Jr., in the Dickson Little League * * * Johnny Knott, better known for his bowling than his golf, scored a hole-in-one at Lakeland last week; he aced the 84-yard fourth hole but had no witnesses * * * Old Forge's greatest basketball hero, Lou "Sheriff" Zara, back in his home town for a brief stay and recalling the "good old days" with Packy Connors * * * A daughter, Patricia, has arrived at the home of Paul and Marion McGowan; Paul is the IRS executive who specializes in golf * * * Few people knew of the great military record of the late Gene Muskey, who died last week; he was awarded the Silver Star and was offered a battlefield commission on Anzio Beach Head and prior to his service he played on two championship teams at St. Thomas High; his two sons, Joe and Gene, are fine athletes while brother, Jack, was a court star during the Les Dickman era * * * Ed and Helen Wisneski just returned from vacation trip to Hawaii; he's the assigning secretary of Scranton Chapter, PIAA Umpires * * * Area high school wrestling coaches who recently attended clinic at Wildwood Crest, N.J., were Scranton Prep's Lou Pilch, West Scranton's George Roskos, Abington Heights' John Diven and North Pocono's Ron Guse * * * Prep senior Ed Krowiak's football and wrestling future in doubt as result of recent surgery to correct shoulder separation * * * Seven year old Brian McHale received a set of golf clubs for his birthday last Monday; he's the son of Rich, the Elmhurst pro, and Peg McHale * * * Pete Muchisky, the bicycling champion, has his family down in Atlantic City as he prepares for the upcoming Philadelphia Bicycle Marathon.

*** The Walter Powells, owners of the Homestead and Lakeland golf courses, thrilled with the news that their son, Robert, graduated magna cum laude from Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, where he received his Ph.D.; he majored in French ***

*** Johnny Knott, better known for his bowling than his golf, scored a hole-in-one at Lakeland last week; he aced the 84-yard fourth hole but had no witnesses ***

While seven recent graduates of Riverside High are playing for the County against the City in the "Dream Game" at Scranton Memorial Stadium on Aug. 9, the school's band will be performing at the Wilkes-Barre UNICO classic at Wyoming Valley West Stadium in Kingston * * * Tunkhannock High basketball star, Mary Ann Yonchiuk, enters West Chester State in September * * * Scranton School District teachers hired last week include Carl Kirk, athletic director and cross country coach at Bishop Klonowski High, and Joe Gatelli, a former Central High diamond standout * * * Mid-Valley School Board gave Jerry Preschutti \$100 raise (to \$1,700 as football coach and to \$1,000 as athletic director) while granting \$50 increases to his assistants * * * Fran Zavacky, an outstanding participant in girls athletics at Abington Heights High School, is attending East Stroudsburg State College as a physical education major * * * Richard Ghezzi of Valley Lanes, Childs, recently was elected a vice president of the Pennsylvania Bowling Proprietors' Association.

Bob 'Smiler' Sebastianelli, who died much too young last week, will be remembered as one of the nicest guys in sports; he played all sports at Blakely High and the University of Pennsylvania and during his days in the service was Bo Bolinsky's catcher * * * Mark D'Amico, commissioner of Miss-E Softball, ready to launch a nation-wide program and is searching for a substantial sponsor * * * The Wyoming Valley Giants, now that they are moving to Riverside Stadium in Taylor, are looking for a new name * * * John Moore, the secretary of the Anthracite Golf Association, missed an eagle by three inches last Wednesday while playing Glen Oak's tough 11th hole * * * Leonard Lavelle, an avid sports fan for more than 60 years, passed away last week; he was a rabid anti-Yankee fan and father of Len, Jr., one of the area's better bowlers for many years * * * The Press-Radio-Television (PRT) golfers pay their annual visit to the Homestead golf course Wednesday morning * * * Former Central High athletic Mike Gallagher in from the West Coast for a brief vacation; his dad, Jeff, played with one of 'Fats' Robson's finest basketball teams * * * Turf at Scranton Memorial Stadium looks great, thanks to the efforts of Hank Kull and his faithful stadium crew.

Jim Scagliotti, who moves up to head football coaching post at Scranton Prep this season, appointed second counselor department head at Riverside High * * * Wayne High School Baseball League All-Star from Western Wayne, Raymond Gillette, will enroll at "Career Academy" in Columbus, Ohio, to study radio and television broadcasting * * * Bill Snyder of Valley View, a retired Haddon Craftsmen pressman, will be 79 years young on Tuesday * * * "Happy Birthday, Colonel" was the inscription on the 79th birthday cake presented to Jermyn sportsman Floyd J. Waters, who marked the occasion at Aragain Lodge, Arden, Ontario, with son-in-law George (Allied Services) Walters; daughter Nan Waters Walters (WICK copywriter) and grand-daughters Susan and Marjie on hand; Floyd is head of Senior Citizens' League and operates his own Jermyn insurance agency * * * Quinnipiac College basketball team captain-elect via Bishop Hannan High, Bob Lynch, made Dean's List.

*** The Press-Radio-Television (PRT) golfers pay their annual visit to the Homestead golf course Wednesday morning ***

THE RENAISSANCE AND CUBIST CONCEPTIONS OF SPACE AND
ART IN THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH NOVEL:
A STUDY OF THE FORM AND CONTENT OF THE
DESCRIPTIONS OF LANDSCAPE IN *ATALA*,
RENÉ, *ILLUSIONS PERDUES*, *LA CHARTREUSE*
DE PARME, *MADAME BOVARY*, *LE VENTRE*
DE PARIS, AND *A REBOURS*, AND OF
THE FORM AND CONTENT OF THOSE
NOVELS SEEN AS AUTONOMOUS
AESTHETIC PHENOMENA

S. Robert Powell, Ph.D.
Indiana University, 1974

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THE RENAISSANCE AND CUBIST CONCEPTIONS OF SPACE
AND ART IN THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH NOVEL:
A STUDY OF THE FORM AND CONTENT OF THE DESCRIPTIONS OF
LANDSCAPE IN ATALA, RENÉ, ILLUSIONS PERDUES,
LA CHARTREUSE DE PARME, MADAME BOVARY,
LE VENTRE DE PARIS, AND A REBOURS, AND OF THE
FORM AND CONTENT OF THOSE NOVELS SEEN AS
AUTONOMOUS AESTHETIC PHENOMENA

POWELL, S. Robert, Ph.D.
Indiana University, 1974

Chateaubriand, Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, and Zola all develop and utilize in their novels spatial and aesthetic principles which were rudimentarily established during the Renaissance in the late fifteenth and sixteenth century. The structural forms of Atala, René, Illusions Perdues, La Chartreuse de Parme, Madame Bovary, and Le Ventre de Paris, and of the descriptions of landscape contained in those novels--whether external or internal spatial forms--clearly indicate that each of the novelists in question establishes depth in space within the closed geometric spatial system of the Renaissance by means of single viewpoint linear perspective. Those spatial frames are, in varying degrees, endowed with a temporal dimension. Given that spatial framework, each of these novelists studies (1) man, (2) nature, and (3) the transactions between man and the natural world. The most comprehensive representation of the ordinary world of human experience in the novel in the nineteenth century is found in the place novel (Madame Bovary and Le Ventre de Paris)--the consummate expression of the Renaissance conception of space and art in the genre of the novel in the four-hundred-year period that that spatial and aesthetic system was considered a valid basis for the creation of art.

In certain descriptions of landscape in La Chartreuse de Parme and in Madame Bovary, Stendhal and Flaubert, respectively, transcend, whether consciously or unconsciously, the spatial limitations of the closed spatial system of the Renaissance: the former by means of panoramic and telescopic vision, the latter by describing three separate actions simultaneously. La Chartreuse de Parme and Madame Bovary, seen as autonomous aesthetic phenomena, represent a dialectic between the space picture of the Renaissance and that of the modern world.

Unlike Chateaubriand, Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, and Zola, all of whom adapt the inherited spatial and artistic legacy of the Renaissance to their individual aesthetic needs, Huysmans

rejects the Renaissance conception of space as a valid basis for the creation of art. Huysmans establishes the spatial form of A Rebours and of the landscape descriptions therein by means of multiple viewpoint or simultaneous perspective. Several spatial frames are juxtaposed in a moment of time and refer to each other reflexively. Movement in space is possible without any movement in time. The content of A Rebours and of the descriptions of landscape in that novel demonstrate that the study of the time world of history and the imitation of the appearances of beings and things such as they are perceived by the senses are no longer considered as the purpose of art. During the final decades of the nineteenth century art becomes an essentially cerebral undertaking whose purpose is to explore and determine man's psychic position in the modern world. The spatial and aesthetic principles established by Huysmans in A Rebours represent the basic tenets of the cubist conception of space and art.

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In September 1974 Edna P. Loomis wrote the letter which is reproduced below (letter post marked Sept. 30, 1974 Detroit, MI) to S. Robert Powell:

rm. 303
224 Highland Ave.
Highland Park, Michigan
48203

Dear Robert

First, I should identify myself - I am your mother's Aunt Edna and sister of your grandmother, Ora Loomis Russell. So, I am your Aunt Edna, too, 'once removed' or I guess Great Aunt Edna!

I've learned from your mother that you have earned and received your Doctorate in French - hence, I am very pleased and proud to call you Dr. Robert Powell! Congratulations!

And, as far as I know, you are the first member of our family to have earned and received a doctorate. So, I am basking in reflected glory!!

I hope the future for you will be very bright and rewarding - rewarding to you and to those who come under your influence and teaching. Love and best wishes,

Aunt Edna

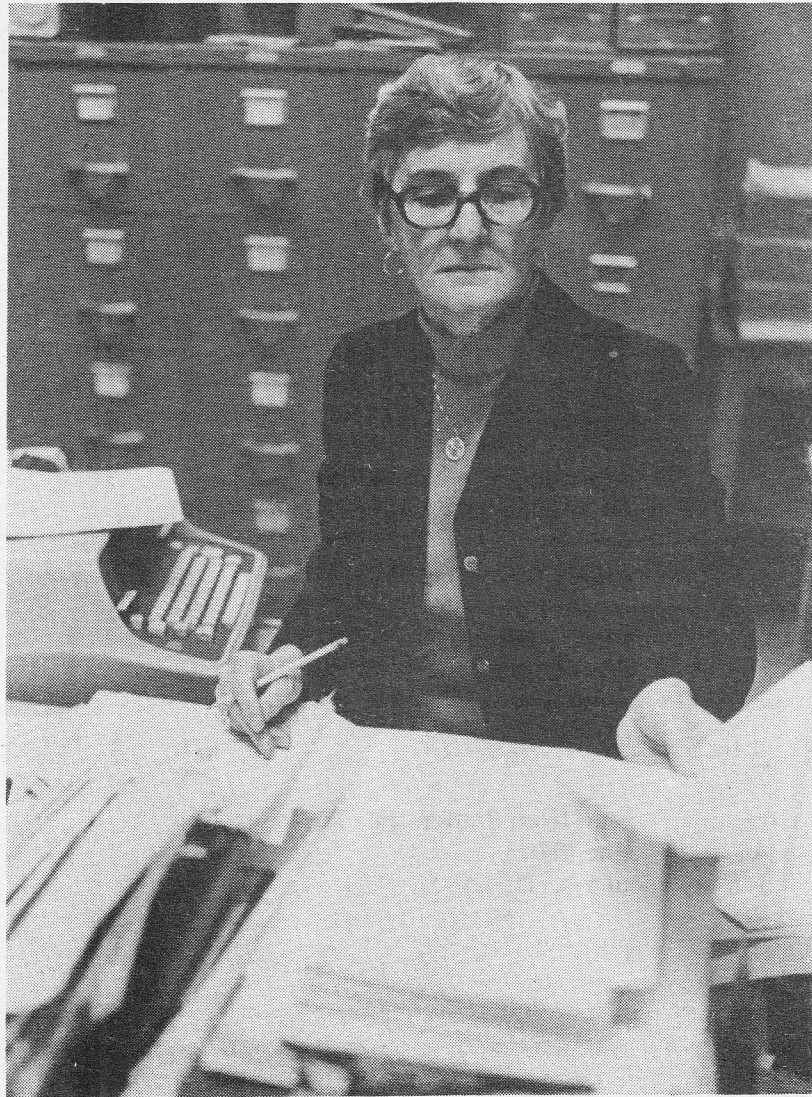
Received by SRP on 03-20-1981; complete copy of the newspaper,
no note included; sent by Mrs. Hedrick

the IU newspaper

Volume 5, Number 5, page 4

March 13, 1981

*Mrs. Hedrick was a dear friend
all during my graduate
school days at IU.*



Juanita Hedrick

Hedrick serves IU and sings its praises

Juanita Hedrick is a person most would describe as a dedicated Indiana University staff member.

She has worked for IUB for 26 years in the French and Italian department and for a couple years in the early 1940s in the former Correspondence Bureau.

But her work for the university doesn't end with her paid position as an administrative secretary every day.

For the last 17 years, Hedrick has been involved with the operation of the IU Credit Union. Before that, she was an IU Staff Council member for 10 years.

Her dedication was recognized last October when she was one of three staff members who received staff merit awards by IU for exemplary job performance and involvement with the university.

Anyone familiar with the Credit Union operation probably knows her. She was first on the credit committee, which reviews large loan applications, for eight years and is now up for her fourth three-year term on the board of directors.

She served as president last year and vice president during two previous years for the Credit Union. Although the board and committee meetings she attends take up quite a bit of time, Hedrick said she enjoys the work very much.

"It's been a very rewarding experience for me. I've learned so much about the economy and finances. I find myself reading the Wall Street Journal and banking journals. . . You have to do your homework regarding the money market," she explained.

As a board member, she is one of 11 persons with the responsibility of forming policies to manage the Credit Union. "You have to stay on top of the economy and inflation. The board operates just like a business' board of directors."

As her long tenure in the French and Italian department attests, Hedrick also has liked her work there. When she was interviewing for jobs with IU, she thought the department seemed interesting because of the opportunity to work with persons from other countries.

October 23, 1985

TO THE GRADUATE STUDENTS IN FRENCH AT:

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University of Virginia, Charlottesville, VA 22903
University of Iowa, Iowa City, IA 52240
Penn State University, University Park, PA 16802
University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, MN 55455
University of Nebraska, Lincoln, NB 68508

FROM:

S. Robert Powell
Post Office Box 161
Carbondale, PA 18407

717-679-2979

In a few days, you will receive, via UPS, a large box of books from me. These are some of the books that I used while working on my M.A. and Ph.D. in French Literature at Indiana University, Bloomington, IN. Please accept these books with my compliments.

Following the completion of my doctoral thesis, an abstract of which is attached, I secured a position in an investment banking firm on Wall Street, and have since retired (age 40). Currently I am living in the mountains of northeastern Pennsylvania, where I am working on a book on nineteenth-century American history. It seems unlikely that I ever again will use any of the French and Romance Language books that I acquired as a graduate student. For that reason, I am sending some of them to you. I hope that I am acting in the best interest of the books.

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Vaccinated May 31, 1949

Whooping Cough Inoc. Jan. 1945

Tetanus & Diphtheria Inoc 1946

Booster shot for Tetanus Oct 4, 1955 ^{Brush burns} fell off bicycle

Booster shot for Tetanus Whooping Cough & Diphtheria

Aug. 3, 1957 - ^{12 stitches in leg} fell from tree onto wire

Polio shots Dec 28, 1956; Feb 12, 1957; June 9, 1958

over

S. Robert Powell

Birth Certificate no 601 - Harrisburg register

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Booster shot for Tetanus Whooping Cough & Diphtheria Aug 3, 1957 ^{fell from tree} on wire ^{12 stitches in leg}

Polio shots Dec 28, 1956; Feb 12, 1957; June 9, 1958

Had Mumps Jan. 1948

Measles July 1951

Chicken Pox Feb 1950

German Measles 1953

Staph Infection 1964 in knee (Recallan)

over

Had Mumps Jan. 1948
Chicken pox Feb. 1950
Measels July 1951
German Measels 1953
Staph Infection 1964
in knees

Vaccinated 7-7, 1966
Booster shot for Tetanus
+ Diphtheria 7-7, 1966

Booster shot for Tetanus, Diphth., + Vaccination
Typhoid 7-10-70





Mr. & Mrs. Walter Powell
R.D. # 1
Carbondale, Penna.

Tell Twp. Jr. - Sr. High
Simpson, Penna.
November 15, 1960

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Powell,

Recently a contest, The Voice of Democracy, was conducted in our local High School under the sponsorship of District 10, Veterans of Foreign Wars. The purpose of this contest is to make all citizens conscious of our freedoms and our responsibility in maintaining and extending these freedoms.

Your son, Robert, was

one of the five finalists
in this contest.

The school feels that
the ideals of Democracy
must be nurtured in the
home. Robert's participation
in this contest shows
that you, as parents, have
met and fulfilled this
responsibility. In
addition, friendly
competition is a great
character-builder for
tomorrow's men

challenge. We, at Dell
are proud to note that
Robert is training for
that challenge. We are
happy to have him as
a member of our
student body.

In behalf of the Faculty,
I am most privileged
to say, "Thank you."

Sincerely,
Mrs. Walter Washeleski

[Mrs. Washeliski was a
wonderful teacher. She
was always very
supportive of SRP
in all his endeavors.]